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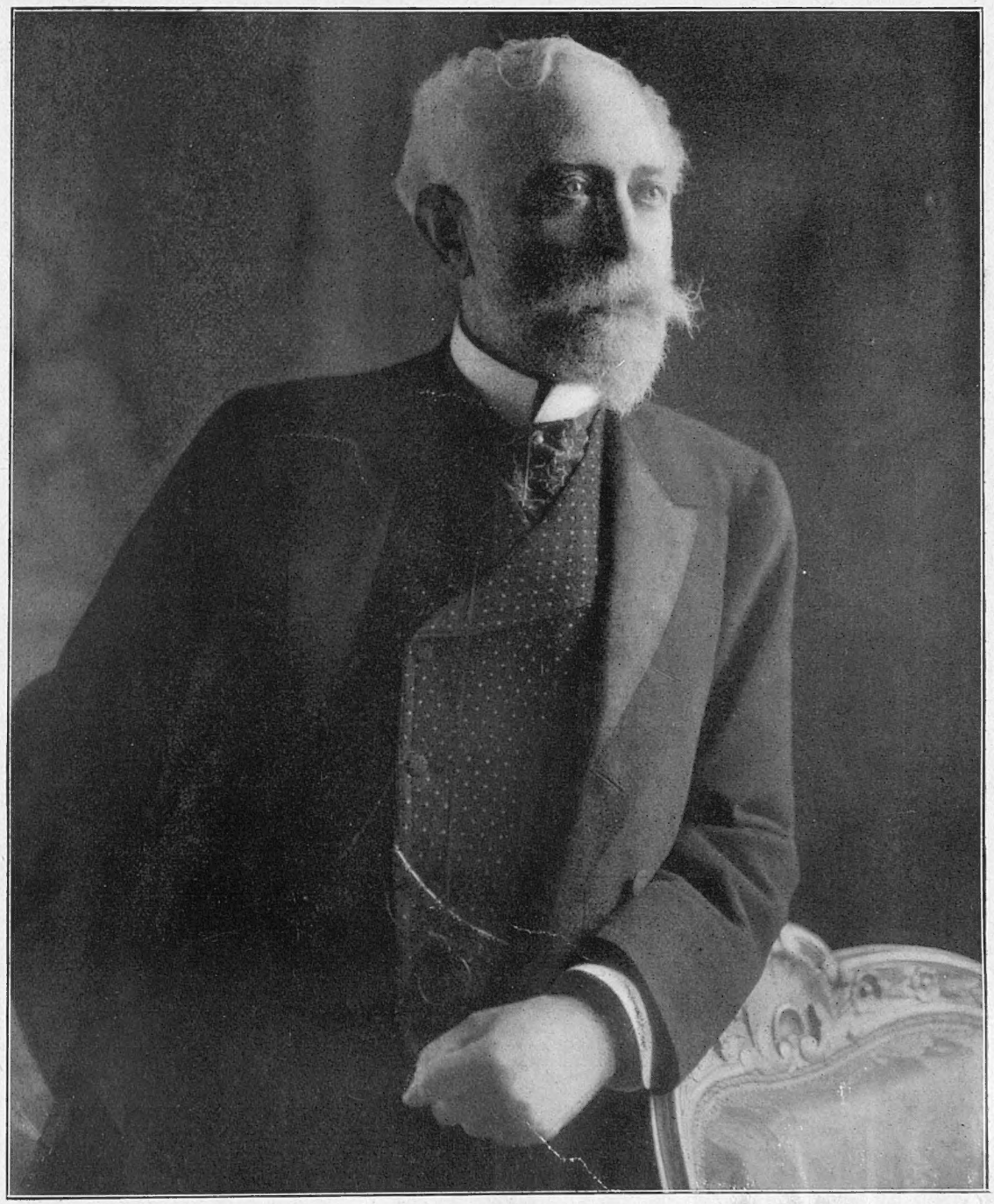

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M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador to Englar

Who recently Signed ..e Anglo-French Agreement

No. 20.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconven ence and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 20, 1904

When a General Election is hovering on the horizon, the British working-man begins to find himself a *persona grata* with his member. He is, indeed, cultivated by his superiors to an extent which, were he to think about it, would strike him as somewhat remarkable when he compared it with the later attitude of cynical indifference which his Member habitually adopts when in the safe possession of his seat. But it is rarely the British working-man does think.

He—the working-man—is, politically, a personage of the highest importance; his votes determine the fate of the nation. It was the working man's vote which placed the present Government in power, and until some reform is granted in the matter of political suffrage, he will continue to dominate the situation so far as regards the election of representatives in Parliament. As at present constituted, the working man who lives in a tenement and pays little directly or indirectly to the Exchequer, has a vote equal to that of a man who may be of the greatest service to the State. On the other hand, a man who pays income-tax and is a desirable citizen from every point of view, may, for business or other reasons, be unable to reside for any length of time in any one constituency, and, in consequence, never obtain his vote.

However, this is not the point I wish to argue. Having endeavoured to explain that it is really in the power of the working man to decide the result of the nation's policy, I think it is interesting to analyse his character to some extent. Is his intelligence of a sufficiently high order to enable him to appreciate the responsibility that his numerical preponderance for voting purposes has given him?

Politically, we cannot congratulate him. His confiding nature is such that it can only be explained by the admission that he is a very ignorant person. The principles of Conservatism and Radicalism are too abstruse for his mind to grasp even fundamentally. They are merely terms which absolutely convey no meaning. Thus it is he allows himself to be jockeyed into voting for a candidate who is, body and soul, utterly opposed to his interests, for, naturally, he should be a democrat to the backbone. For example, the British working-man has been the greatest sufferer by the late South African war, and yet he brought it upon himself. Necessary though war and war expenditure is to the maintenance of the Empire, it is contrary to the interests of the working-man. Why then, you ask, does he support a policy which makes him and his family suffer and which gives him no *quid pro quo*? It seems at first sight rather heroic on his part. But ask him the reason. Ask him why he voted for so and so, and the odds are you will be treated to a display of such monumental ignorance of political economy that, even though aware he is usually a dupe, you will be surprised.

In his private capacity the British working man has little soul above beer, and his recreation takes the form of horseplay and in watching athletes exert themselves for his edification while he stands idly by. An important cricket match at the Oval is a wonderful sight this way. Thousands of men, instead of working, are shouting familiarly to the players or booing the eleven that dare to make a good show against their favourites. Cricket, however, is a dignified game from which to study the crowd compared with a modern football match in a league game between two professional teams.

The working man's other amusement—besides the eternal gin-palace—is a visit to the local "show" or music-hall. These elaborately decorated edifices, with their gorgeous plush upholstery and their powdered footmen which have sprung up with mushroom rapidity in recent years, prove an eternal delight to the working man. Money that would gladden the heart of his wife, and help to purchase a substantial dinner for his pinched family at least once a week, is thoughtlessly thrown away to assist in the upkeep of the aforesaid gorgeous palace and the powdered footmen. It is here that the working man usually imbibes his politics.

Ill-mannered, a slave to drink—though in justice, be it said, drinking in the South among the working man is nothing like so bad as in the North of England and Scotland—supremely ignorant, it is impossible to expect much of him. The German and French working classes, it is true, are little better, with one exception, but it is a great one. In Germany and France the working man is thrifty. He carefully saves, and it is rarely the housewife has not something hidden away for a rainy day. This is just what the British working man is not. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" is his motto, and in consequence we find him, although in numerical superiority, fast becoming a drug on the market. We cannot even export him, for South Africa seems to prefer John Chinaman to the tender mercies of the British working-man. Until he learns sufficient to demand that technical schools, as in Germany, be provided to make a skilled mechanic of him, and that public-houses are the enemy of thrift, he may still continue in his numerical superiority, but he will continue, also, frequently to feel the pinch of the narrow shoe. Unless the masses of the nation are sound and solid, it is bound to degenerate.

The Bystander in Parliament

By S. L. H.

People who have begun to doubt whether the House of Commons is really a business-like assembly would be reassured if they saw it on Budget day—that is to say at the beginning of the sitting. The place is crammed full, members sit straight up, with lips pursed—in keeping with the occasion—there is a frown on each senatorial brow, while deep on each front engraven, deliberation sits and public care. These men mean business, they are determined to know all about revenue and expenditure, sinking funds, ways and means—in a word they are going to see the thing through to the uttermost farthing.

There is something almost demoniacal in the energy with which they sharpen their lead pencils in readiness for the fray, sending the chips of cedar-wood flying about the place. How they seize on the Printed Financial Statement which is distributed, and glare suspiciously at the figures it contains. You are not going to take these men in, nor to throw them off the track. They are the sleuth-hounds, or the watch-dogs, of the public, and they are not to be trifled with even by the Treasury Bench. For business is business and they know how many beans make five just as well as the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Of course, nobody other than a few permanent officials in the Treasury understands that Printed Financial Statement, but that does not hinder the good members from wagging their legislative pates over it in a most knowing manner. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer begins there are scarcely six men in the House who are not taking notes All are leaning forward eagerly, as if not a syllable must be lost, and this fixed and grim attention lasts quite a quarter of an hour.

Then here and there you can see some man softly putting down his paper and quietly leaning back. He keeps a knowing smile on his face, as if saying to the Chanceller, "I'm following you, my dear sir, I know exactly what you're up to"—but he is really conscious of hopeless mental con usion. The difference between 1903-4 and 1904-5 bothers many. It may be said to be a fence which they refuse, or which brings them down. Of course, they all recognise that there is a difference between the two, but what the difference is, and when the Chancellor is talking of one and when the other, is too much for them.

After this the Finance Minister plunges into a maze of detail about Customs, Excise, Estate Duty, Stamps, Land-tax, House duty, Property and Income tax. The members make pathetic attempts to keep up, and are left hopelessly behind as the Chancellor romps gaily into what he calls the non-tax revenue from Post Office, Telegraphs, Crown-land, Suez Canal Shares, and miscellaneous items, and a bewildering affair called the Local Taxation Account. By this time members are gasping, and only a feeble "hear, hear," uttered from force of habit, keeps up the thin pretence that anyone knows what is going on.

How eagerly they laugh when the Chancellor says—as Chancellors will—"I do not drink rum," or "Someone suggests that I should tax old maids and cats." The Budget jokes are supposed to be provided by a permanent wag at the Treasury, who gets a certain amount for each laugh obtained in the House. Then the Conservatives always cheer the revenue from the Suez Canal, and the Liberals cheer back when the Death Duties are mentioned. And both sides cheer if the Chancellor can report a high rate of mortality among millionaires. Without these demonstrations no Budget day would be complete.

In the Printed Financial Statement there are blanks left so that members may fill in the amounts the Chancellor expects to obtain from different sources of revenue The spaces left are very small, the lines are very close together, and the amounts he mentions are large. But the members revive for a moment at this point. They begin dabbing down the figures, wildly, furiously, as though they meant to get all those millions fixed up in the proper place, or to perish in the attempt.

The effort does not last long. Many an honest gentleman comes to grief over the little difference between millions and hundreds of thousands. Then, in addition to getting the wrong figures down, they put them in the wrong places—the Chancellor does not give them enough time, and the printer has given them too little space. There is something uncanny, something almost murderous, in the haste and concentrated fury with which this effort is begun—and there is something infinitely pathetic in the despair with which the enterprise is abandoned.

If those pencil scrawls were reproduced in facsimile we should have a fair representation of the impression made on the Parliamentary mind when a Budget is first explained. What a hopeless jumble there is between last year, this year, next year, surplus, deficit, returns and proposals, millions and hundreds of thousands, percentages and decimals! But no member will allow his performances in attempted reporting to be seen. He keeps them more secret than his love letters.

Year after year the Leader of the Opposition, whoever he may be, gravely remarks that he thinks the detailed criticism of his Budget should be postponed until the members had been able to give mature consideration to the Chancellor's important proposals. And the members say "Hear, hear"—inwardly resolving to see what the papers say about it next morning. The greatest source of effect is contrast, and if anyone wishes to see the truth of that remark pleasingly illustrated, he should compare the keen, alert, critical, and ready-for-all-emergencies attitude of the members when the Chancellor of the Exchequer rises on Budget day, with their bothered, bewildered, and perspiring condition when he sits down.

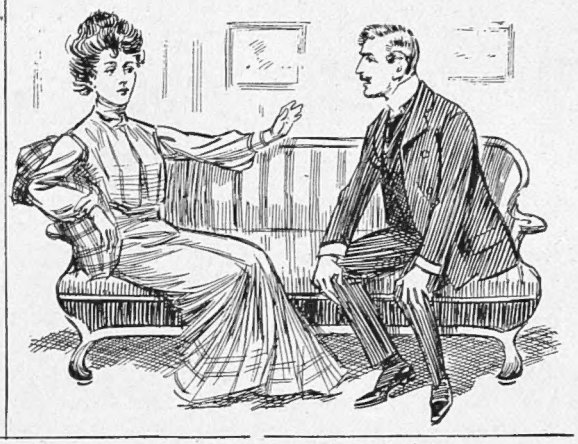
The Topictator

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON SAYS THAT, HOWEVER MUCH GOLF MAY CONDUCE TO LONGEVITY, THE REAL GOLFER LIVES TO GOLF HE DOES NOT GOLF TO LIVE

["TO THE AVERAGE HEALTHY CITIZEN" SAYS AN AMERICAN MEDICAL JOURNAL "THE PRACTICE OF KISSING INCLUDES DANGER OF INSIDIOUS BACTERIAL INFECTION"]

"MISS JULIA — JULIA — NOW THAT YOU'VE ACCEPTED ME — ER — ISN'T IT THE CUSTOM — ER — "

"POSSIBLY, REGINALD, BUT I CONSIDER THAT THE MUCOCUTANEOUS INVESTMENT OF THE LIPS IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS



CONGRATULATIONS ALL ROUND

A RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER HOPES THAT AS MANY OF THE MIKADO'S SUBJECTS AS POSSIBLE MAY BE LANDED IN KOREA AND CHINA NONE OF THEM, ACCORDING TO THE PAPER WILL RETURN

THE TIBET MISSION HAS BEEN MET BY MA. MA. IT SEEMS, IS THE NAME OF A DELEGATE BUT THE TITLE IS SUGGESTIVE

F.G.

Arctic Explorer's Wedding.

Since his eventful journey to the Antarctic regions, Mr. Ernest Shackleton has come in for a deal of congratulation. The late third lieutenant of the *Discovery* very quickly became Secretary to the Royal Scotch Geographical Society, a post which was but a fitting reward for his arduous service in the cause of exploration. How Mr. Shackleton was one of the three men who reached the furthest South on the Expedition, and his attack of hemorrhage of the lungs which necessitated his being invalided home, are matters of very recent history. Again his friends and the general public who have followed his career unite in congratulations, this time on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Emily Dorman, which was celebrated at Christ Church, Westminster, on Saturday afternoon, April 9.

M. Paul Cambon

We were in doubt whether to place Lord Lansdowne, M. Delcassé, the famous French Ministre des Etrangers, Sir Edmund Monson, or M. Paul Cambon in our page of honour — the frontispiece. In selecting M. Cambon, we humbly seek to render our homage to the cause of peace, which is the *rôle*, above all others, which the Ambassador of France to the Court of St. James loves to adorn.

A cynic has said of the modern diplomatic service that, in these days of telegraphy, the diplomat was merely an expensive medium for delivering messages who could be well dispensed with. This is not by any means the case. The duty of the diplomat is to foster a thorough understanding between his country and that where he is in residence. Many a hard official declaration has been toned down by the tact of the Ambassador, who has managed to make the bitterness less acute. M. Cambon believes that there is no international

Photo by Jacolette

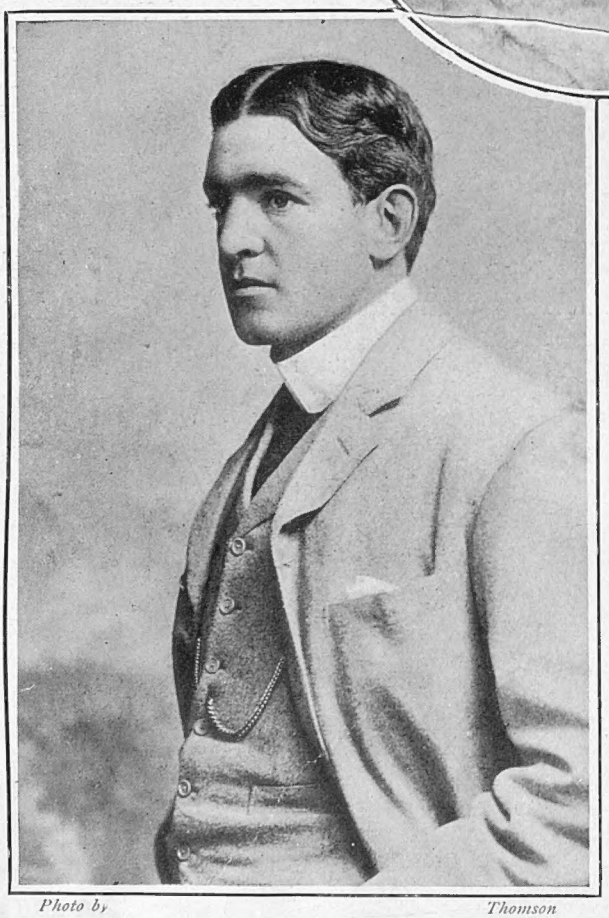


Photo by *Thomson*

Mr. Ernest H. Shackleton, the Well-known Arctic Explorer, and Miss E. M. Dorman, who were recently married at Christ Church, Westminster

dispute that cannot be pacifically decided, and thus it is, after centuries of quarrelling, he has been one of the principal characters in the great treaty just signed between England and France, in which every point of dispute between them—and when one considers how their interests have clashed in all the four quarters of the globe this is, indeed, an achievement—is satisfactorily adjusted. His Majesty the King, although we did not include his name in the quartette mentioned above, by virtue of his great position and his intense desire for a good understanding between England and France, who have so much in common, is the greatest of all the

peacemakers, and his name as such will go down to future generations.

M. Cambon, who was born in 1843, commenced life as a barrister, and for some years was engaged in administrative work, but in 1882 he went as Resident to Tunis. Becoming the Ambassador at Madrid, he was, in 1891, appointed to the difficult post at Constantinople, where, it is said, the Sultan both feared and hated him. He has represented France at the Court of St. James since 1898, and resides, as everyone knows, in the French Embassy, at Albert Gate, Hyde Park. M. Cambon was decorated last year by King Edward with the first class of the Royal Victorian Order.

The First Lord of the Admiralty

Lord Selborne, who unveiled a tablet in honour of Nelson, at Bath the other day, like one or two of his brother politicians, has a most creditable record as an athlete. As a schoolboy he got his colours for football, and distinguished himself at Oxford by playing cricket for his college. He is also a thorough sportsman, being a most reliable shot, and devoted to hunting and fishing.

As a man, he undoubtedly possesses the courage of his convictions, a quality which shows itself even in minor matters; it is one of the stories of the House how he appeared there one hot day, wearing, in defiance of all Parliamentary tradition, a cummerbund instead of the conventional waistcoat. After he succeeded to the earldom, he put in an appearance at the Lower House, where he created quite a dilemma, as he happened to be the first peer who had ever claimed to preserve his seat in the Commons, and, as there was no precedent, the Speaker requested him to retire below the bar until the case was considered. A committee decided that, as Lord Selborne was undoubtedly a peer of the realm, he could not retain his seat in the Lower House, since fate had decreed that it was his duty to go up higher.

Miss Daisy Leiter

Lady Curzon's sister, who was recently married by a Russian newspaper to Lord Kitchener (!)

hoto by Barnett

Extract from the "Novoe Vremya"

"Since he became a relative of Lord Kitchener Lord Curzon has become a brave leader of men. Two sisters, daughters of American millionaires, have finally joined their husbands, who were already related in spirit, in character, energy, belief, and the whole of the activities of life."

Lord Plunket

Lord Plunket, the new Governor of New Zealand, who has just been entertained by the Colonial Club, is, it is necessary to remember, one of the Plunkets with a single "t," the two "t" Plunketts being Lord Fingall, Lord Dunsany, and Lord Louth, a distinction which makes one reflect with bitterness that spelling is certainly one of the minor matters which complicate English social life. Lord Plunket's mental inheritance is exceptionally brilliant, as his father, the Primate of Ireland, was a fine all-round man and a ripe scholar, and his grandfather, the famous orator, Mr. Plunket, was considered by Lord John Russell as his ideal speaker, and by Lord Brougham as his ideal lawyer.

Lord Plunket himself has an inimitable official manner, and is a tremendous worker, the only relaxation he allows himself being an occasional bout of motoring. He is also very human, possessing the impulsive, warm-hearted generosity of the Irish character. Apropos of this, a story is told of a maid servant who was dismissed from his household for appropriating the not insignificant sum of £40. Upon her departure, unprosecuted, Lord Plunket gave her as a parting gift £3: rather a risky premium on dishonesty.

Photo by] **Mr. Alfred Mosely, C.M.G.** [*Elliott and Fry*

Who dispatched and paid the expenses of the Mosely Educational Commission to the United States, the report of which has just been published

Photo by] **Lord Selborne** [*Bassano*

Who recently unveiled a tablet in memory of Nelson, at Bath

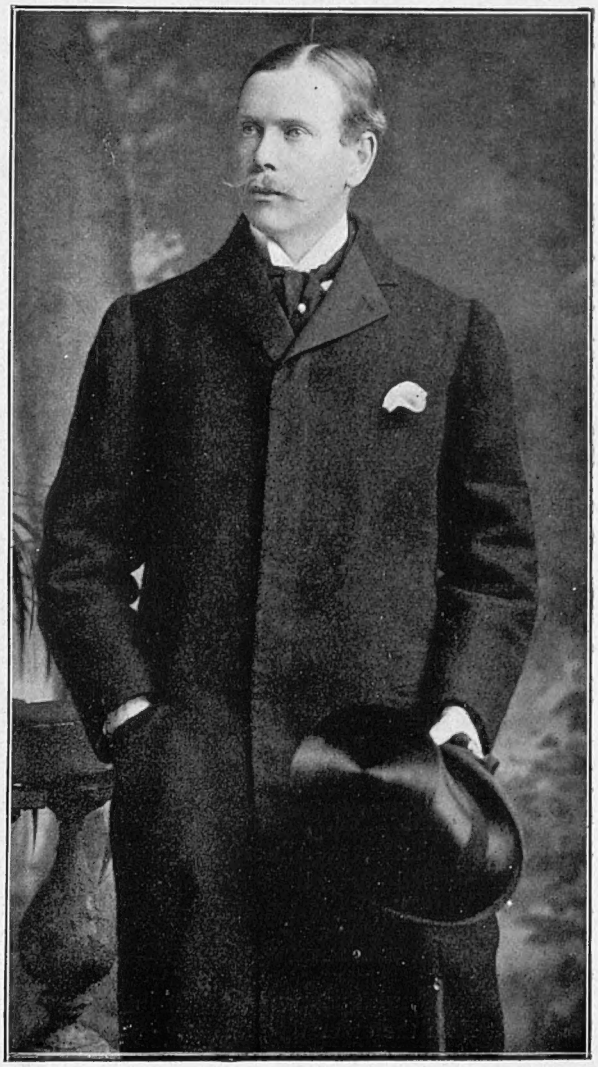


Photo by] **Lord Plunket** [*Lafayette*

The New Governor of New Zealand

Photos by

The Marchioness of Ormonde

Poole

The Marquess of Ormonde

The Royal Visit to Kilkenny

Long before the marriage of the Duke of Teck to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, which closely connects Lord and Lady Ormonde with the Royal family, the premier Marquess of Ireland and his wife were on terms of close friendship with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and therefore the Royal visit to Kilkenny may be looked upon as an expression of affectionate goodwill as well as an honour to a noble Irish family.

The late Queen had also a great regard for them, and gave their daughter, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the rare honour of a private presentation

Photo by

Poole

Kilkenny Castle, the Beautiful Seat where the Marquess of Ormonde will Entertain the King and Queen during Their Irish Tour

at Osborne, instead of obliging her to make her *début* at a London Court, a disagreeable necessity with other less favoured *débutantes* Tall, dark, debonair, with regular features, and a well set-up, well groomed figure, which recalls the fact that he was once a captain in the Life Guards, Lord Ormonde has always been considered one of the handsomest men of his time, and his popularity is proverbial. He has all the tact and charm of manner associated with Irishmen, and in spite of Land League and land agitations, manages to live on friendly terms with his Irish tenants, who find him both considerate and kind, qualities they well know how to appreciate. It is no uncommon sight on market-day in Kilkenny to see him chatting gaily with a group of farmers, or strolling through the town with a frieze-coated tenant, who is evidently quite at ease with the genial marquess. He, perhaps of all Irish landlords, possesses a thorough understanding of the national character, with its impulsive affection and short-lived, fiery anger.

Photo by **Miss Jeanne Newman** *Fellows Willson*

Lord Ormonde never cared for hunting, and, since his youth, has seldom ridden to hounds. He is a good shot, and infinitely prefers the quieter amusement of a pheasant battue to a gallop across country. Yachting is really his favourite pastime, and he is a thoroughly practical seaman, holding a sailing-master's certificate. As Vice-Commodore (since the King's accession) of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, he has a busy time during the Solent season, and is the moving spirit of the regatta; but it is a work after his own heart, and he never spares himself in the performance of this congenial duty.

Lady Ormonde has much in common with her husband, and their union is one of those ideally happy ones of which the world hears little. Although a grandmother, she is still a most beautiful woman. When residing at Kilkenny Castle she keeps very much to herself, seldom calling on or receiving the local county families; this is not done from mere exclusiveness, but chiefly because she is far from strong, and rests and "takes it easy" in the country; hers is also a nature slow to rush into friendship, but most true and tender when one is once formed.

Not so her daughters, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Butler, who prefer their Irish home to any other, and have been accustomed to mix familiarly with all classes since they were quite little girls. Needless to say, they are immensely popular, and their father's tenants think there is no one in the world to equal them, except, perhaps, himself. Since their childhood they have gone in for hunting, outdoor games, and the usual round of country pleasures, which are so much appreciated by the athletic maiden of the present day.

Kilkenny Castle, built during the close of the twelfth century by William, Earl of Pembroke (not by his father-in-law, Strongbow, the English conqueror of Ireland, as is so often stated), stands high above the river Nore, and adjoins the town. It is a real old stronghold, with the massive walls and solid masonry belonging to a sterner age, and eminently picturesque it looks, viewed from the opposite side of the river the steep walls encircling it, and the front block, being covered with ivy which grows thickest on the two towers at either end.

The castle is built round three sides of a quadrangle; the drawing-room overlooking a quaint Dutch garden, while the dining-room (situated in one of the towers) and the grand staircase are hung with rare tapestry. The quadrangle is entered by a massive gateway, which was added by the first Duke of Ormonde, and which is entirely in keeping with the impression of strength the whole building conveys.

In the muniment-room many interesting historic documents are preserved, so precious in the eyes of the members of an ancient family. Though Lord Ormonde does not profess to any antiquarian or genealogical tastes, he fully appreciates his genuine old castle and the Butler pedigrees and descents, which go back without a break into the remote past.

Miss Jeanne Newman

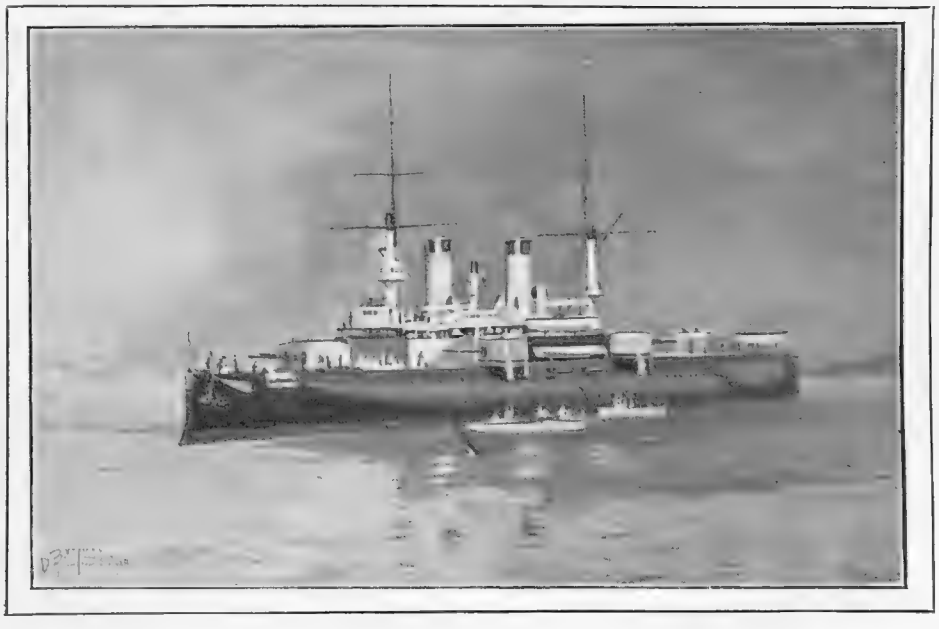
Miss Jeanne Newman adds another to the already long list of soprani who come to us from the "other side." Though she varies the country, for she is Canadian and not American, and though it is only about twelve months since she gave her first concert here, under the direction of Mr. Vert, she has since made a position for herself on the concert platform and in drawing-rooms, as well as having toured through Australia with Mr. Edward Lloyd on his journey of farewell to the Colonies. Miss Newman is a pretty girl, a tall, fairy-like blonde, and her voice, though not at present large, is bright, full, and attractive.

The War in the Far East:

The Terrible Russian Disaster

Whether one's sympathies are pro-Russian or pro-Japanese, it is impossible to feel otherwise than that Russia has had all the hard luck of the campaign so far. The loss of the *Petropavlovsk* is a terrible climax to a series of misfortunes, which commenced with the sinking of the *Variag* and *Korietz* at Chemulpo in the first few days of the war. For the third time have Russian ships fallen victims to submarine mines, the other occasions being the sinking of the *Yenissei*, at Talienwan, on February 11, when ninety-two lives were lost, and the loss of a destroyer on March 16. The latest catastrophe, besides causing the deaths of 600 brave fellows and the loss of a valuable battleship, has also lost Russia the services of her greatest admiral, one whom it is impossible to replace. Admiral Makaroff, who was born in 1848, entered the Russian Navy in 1865. He gained distinction in the Turkish War of 1877, having by that time risen to be commander of the battleship *Grand Duke Constantine*. His death appeals to British sympathies more, perhaps, because he was the most pro-British of Russians in his views, and he was chaffingly called by Alexander II. "my Englishman," owing to his bluffness and devotion to sport. While the ice-breaker *Ermak*, which he designed, was being built at the Armstrong Works, Admiral Makaroff took up his residence on Tyneside and after the manner of a former, greater shipbuilder of his country, Peter I., became a favourite among his English associates.

The Late Admiral Makaroff
Who went down with the "Petropavlovsk



The "Petropavlovsk," Which was Blown Up by a Mine Outside Port Arthur
The sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* is the most terrible disaster yet chronicled in the war. All the crew perished with the exception of twenty men. Admiral Makaroff, Commander-in-Chief of the squadron, went down with his ship. One of the four officers saved was the Grand Duke Cyril

"From a Club Window"

It is curious how often a man will allow some petty trifle to hinder his progress. Sir Andrew Caird remarks upon this fact in regard to Sir Edward Grey, "a Liberal Front Bencher who will one day get the recognition he deserves;" for "fly fishing," I note, "is the only obstacle in the way of his advancement." Mr. Balfour, too, should realise that his approach shots will suffer if he continues to indulge his penchant for politics.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the words of his major-domo, is "not going to make fools of his supporters" on his return. Thus there is, presumably, no *arrière pensée* in his wish that they shall be convinced meanwhile.

It had struck me that the Thames steamboats had gone the limit as to regularity and convenience, and I can only regard it as a striking proof of British enterprise when I read that the Rivers Committee of the London County Council believes it is essential that "all the boats should be of exactly the same type." Our Parisian friends, envying us our service of Thames steamers, have tried to introduce something of the sort on the Seine. They will see, in our latest improvement, an instance of our attention to details. The name of the chairman of the Rivers Committee is Gilbert. His initials may, or may not, be W. S.

The Standard of Recognition

"Why, forsooth, shouldn't we have a complete mental turn-out in the spring, a grand beating of prejudices as well as portières"?—Ella Hepworth Dixon in the *Daily Mail.*

Oh, gifted Miss E. Hepworth Dixon,
Allow a poor rhymster to say,
Acumen has moved you to fix on
A palpable want of to-day.

The people who throttle their reason,
Whose tastes have grown musty and set,
Revert to a dead and gone season,
And read what they now should forget.

They wallow in Calverley, Stevens,
In Dobson, Praed, Newbolt and Hood.
(The chances, I fear, are at evens,
That some fancy Byron is good.)

Miss Dixon, I'm bent on you aiding,
On helping to whiten the blot.
Miss Dixon, be strong in crusading,
And strike while the iron is hot.

If spring can draw prejudiced factions
From obsolete idols, I see
A series of public reactions
In favour of metrical me.

Now that Mr. C. B. Fry has been presented with a complimentary automobile, there will be no impropriety in referring to that cricketer (when he pulls Sussex out of the fire at Lords) as *deus ex machina.*

There are signs of a journalistic attempt to saddle those who dare to criticise the Tibet Mission with a nickname, Pro-Lamas, on the analogy of Pro-Boers; but it is Fat-boyish to suggest Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's writing a book of verses entitled "Mes Lamas." This particular rumour is, however, a-larmist.

"Primitive man," observes Mr. A. B. Walkley to the Playgoers Club, "is never quite so primitive as when he is a woman." This is all very well, but even a dramatic critic, and especially this one, must keep up with the times. It is a fortnight or more since Mr. Chesterton informed me, through the happy medium of his *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, that "men are men, but man is a woman."

Rumour is hard at work upon the Lord Chamberlain's forthcoming theatre regulations. It is said that they will abolish "standing room." Perhaps safety calls for this; but comfort would prefer a stringent ban upon large hats. Also—one hates to worry the poor managers . . . but would it be much trouble? . . . couldn't they print their theatres' address upon the tickets, or in the advertisements? Of course, to the manager of the X—— Theatre, the X—— Theatre is a world-famous place; but the average country visitor is often more than vague even as to its position. Hence late arrivals: tragic to the country visitors, annoying to the audience and actors.

Along the south coast of England massive round towers line the cliffs, a picturesque relic of British preparations against Napoleon's much-advertised invasion. About the largest of these Martello towers has crowned, for some hundred years, the St. Anthony Hill at Eastbourne. But recently the War Office sold it to a resident. And now, so please you, as France and England have sucked the pipe of paper peace, the resident "intends to signalise the happy *rapprochement* by ultimately razing" this "conspicuous symbol of the deadly enmity which formerly prevailed." Can France gain any pleasure from the razing of this fine old pile? And will she follow suit by throwing down the smaller watch-towers that stand along the cliffs around Boulogne?

Pessimists and the S.P.C.A. can make capital of the man who, having thrown a weighted dog into the Thames, last week, tried to keep it under water with a pole, but overbalanced and was drowned, while the dog swam safe to shore. But lovers of their kind can retort with another incident of the week, in which a man plunged in to save his pet, but in saving it gave up his life. The two cases, side by side, are as good a sermon as one needs against arguing from instances.

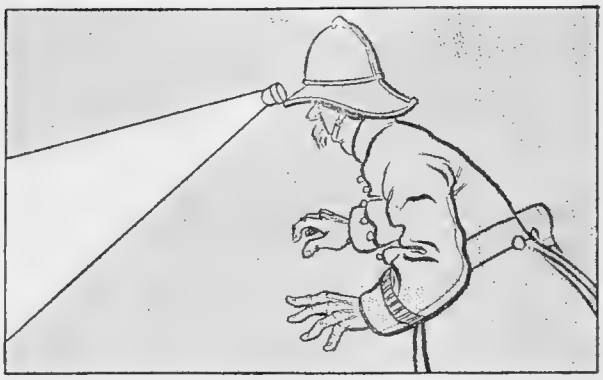
CLUBBITE

THE POSSIBILITIES OF RADIUM: A LECTURE WITH DEMONSTRATIONS

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! RADIUM IS THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF ALL METALS ITS POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS ....."

..... ITS VALUE IN SURGERY IS INCONTESTABLE .....

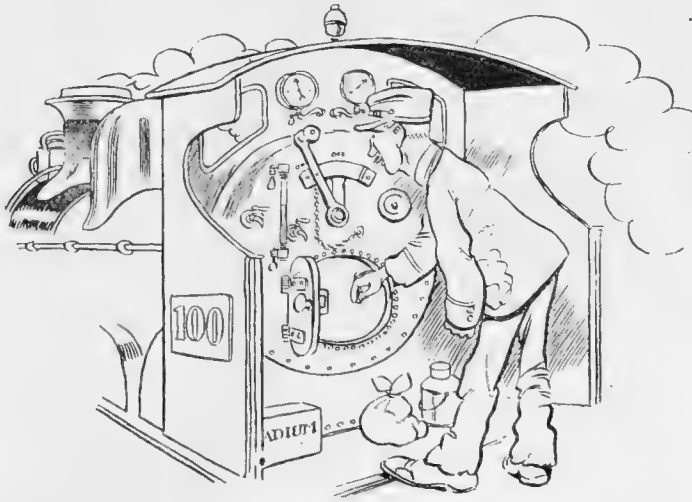
THE EXPERT CRACKSMAN, WITH A RADIUM PENCIL CAN OPEN A SAFE OF THE CHUBBIEST PATTERN IN TWO AND A HALF MINUTES .....



..... RADIUM IS LIGHT GIVING .... POLICEMEN WILL BE ABLE TO DO AWAY WITH THEIR CUMBERSOME LANTERNS .....

HEATED BY RADIUM THE CHAFING DISH WILL BECOME A LUXURY

..... AND EVEN IN THE HUMBLEST HOME ITS VALUE WILL BE REALISED .....



RAILWAY COMPANIES WILL ESPECIALLY BENEFIT RADIUM WILL BE THE HEATING POWER OF THE FUTURE . THERE WILL BE A GLUT OF COAL ON THE MARKET ..

..... THE ONLY DRAWBACK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THAT RADIUM COSTS ABOUT £20 000 A GRAIN, AND THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT SIX GRAINS KNOWN IN THE WORLD."

FROM ABROAD.

Arles and the Arlesiennes

It is doubtful whether a more picturesque ceremony could well be imagined than that which has just taken place in Arles, the sun-bathed centre of Provençe, where poetry is queen and Frederic Mistral, author of *Mireille*, the crowned king. Arles, as a town, has origins deep buried in antiquity. In Roman days, we know, it was a big town and commercial centre, and in the theatre of Arelate (as Cæsar called the place) many a play was staged. Few of them were so peculiarly and quaintly interesting, though, as the ceremony which, a few days ago, followed the gala performance of *Mireille*, Mistral's Provençal master piece. The youths and maidens of the neighbourhood

Provencal Peasants on Their Way to the Gala Performance of "Mireille" at Arles

Photos *Raphael*

"A Full Hous[e] i[n] he Arena at Arles

This enormous audience is gathered from the neighb[ou]rs to view *Mireille*, Frederic Mistral's Provençal play

had ridden in to the performance in the old Provençal style, the men and maidens being in their historic dress, and each two of them on one horse. As soon as *Mireille* ended, amid the plaudits of some seven thousand people in the huge arena, Mistral stepped out upon the stage and called, in verse, the men and maids of Arles to him. Some hundreds responded, and to each pair Mistral administered the old Provençal oath that none should foreswear country, dress, or tongue, and none should marry any man or maiden of Provençe who could not speak the Langue D'Oc, which is still cherished here in this one corner of France. As each pair took the oath, Mistral imprinted a kiss upon each fair forehead, and amid the loud applause of the throng, the whole *cortège* mounted horse and rode off to their homes again.

The Church of the Rosary and the Basilica at Lourdes

The Massabielle Rock is façaded and crowned with a wealth of architectural embellishments, forming three distinct churches. First, there is the church of the Rosary, in the form of a rotunda in the Byzantine style. Four flights of steps and two inclined planes give access to the terrace, sixty feet above, on which is built the Basilica, adorned by a beautiful western tower. A crypt, with double nave, extends beneath the whole length of the Basilica, and forms the third church

The Fate of Lourdes

Considerable anxiety appears to be felt in France, both by fervent Roman Catholics and the "canny" Béarnais, who reap such material profit from the annual pilgrimages to Lourdes, concerning what the near future may have in store for the sacred grotto in the Massabielle rock. M. Combes has for some time had his anti-Clerical eye turned on the picturesque spot, and recently the report went forth that he contemplated closing the grotto and the three churches before the date for the yearly pilgrimages came round, viz., May and August. Needless to say, the mere possibility of such a measure being adopted has aroused the ire of the faithful, and disturbed the equanimity of the

Photos by *Archer*

The Town and Château of Lourdes

Tibetan Lamas, or Priests, Dressed for the "Devil Dance"

This somewhat gruesome dance is a most solemn rite among the Tibetans. The priests leap high in the air, and brandish swords, to the music of trumpets and tom-toms

Photo by *Topical Press Agency*

The Main Street of Yokohama, Japan

Until the opening of the country to Western ideas and civilisation in 1854, Yokohama was an insignificant fishing village. It is now the chief port of entry to Japan

inhabitants, who thrive on the influx of pilgrims. It is not, perhaps, generally realised that Lourdes has developed into the lodestone of what is now the biggest, as well as the most admirably managed excursion business in Europe. The railways convey hundreds of thousands of so-called pilgrims at fabulously low fares, but only a small proportion of the visitors patronise the healing and miraculous properties of the Lourdes waters. With the remainder the trip takes the form of a semi-pious excursion, picnicing, side shows, and funicular railway rides being the prime attractions. The beanfeast element has had the effect of vulgarising Lourdes. There is hardly a decent shop left in the town, while ramshackle booths and hideous wooden structures housing sacred dioramas have been permitted to hoped that M. Combes will abstain from meddling with the convictions of others. If the sick and infirm who go to Lourdes are not benefited by the experiment, it does harm to no one. Further, any interference would endanger the prosperity of a flourishing town.

"Devil-Dancing" in Tibet

The accompanying illustration shows a group of Tibetan Lamas or priests, wearing grotesque and hideous masks for their "Devil Dance," which takes place once or twice a year. It is rather a weird and gruesome performance. The Lamas commence by moving backwards and forwards, and, as they become more excited, they spring and leap high into the air, to the strains of a species of trumpet and a tom-tom, some of them

The Sacred Grotto at Lourdes

The grotto shines from afar with its multitude of lighted tapers, and forms a star-like blaze, from the midst of which, with visionary whiteness, emerges Fabisch's statue of the Virgin. The rocks above are black with the smoke of the tapers, while inside the recess the nostrils are assailed by the warm sickly odour of the wax. Outside the railings, on one side, stands a stone pulpit, and on the opposite is the miraculous spring, confined by a wall garnished with taps

penetrate the precincts of the Massabielle. Nevertheless, Lourdes itself is still a spot exquisitely beautiful. Standing 'twixt the mouths of two grand Pyrenean valleys, the town is commanded by a grey rocky height, crowned by the tower and crumbling walls of the ancient *château*, which, in the fourteenth century, we garrisoned for a period of fifty-eight years, and where Napoleon imprisoned several Englishmen of note in 1803. This strikingly situated rock divides Lourdes into two quarters. To the east lies the ancient part with its narrow, gloomy, silent streets, while to the west extends the mushroom new town, all life and colour to the tourist's eye, as the electric tram whizzes him through upstart streets, lined with gaudy hotels and endless cheap shops, which retail "objects of piety." It is to be

brandishing swords. This dance is a most solemn rite of the Tibetan Buddhists, and seems peculiar to them, as it does not appear to take place in other Buddhist countries. The belief is that on death, the spirit re-enters a bodily form on earth, either higher or lower in the scale of humanity, according to how its standard of good has stood during its past life. But before the spirit can find its new earthly shape, it has to pass through a lonely and desolate valley, inhabited by demons and spirits of darkness, whose endeavour it is to trouble and molest its passage The Lamas have therefore instituted this dance in order to terrify the powers of darkness by the startling hideousness of their masquerade, so that they may leave the lonely spirit in peace to find its new earthly tenement.

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON POLITICAL APATHY AS A SIGN OF PROGRESS

The Utterances of Mr. Bent

Not enough attention has been paid in this country to the portentous utterances of Mr. Bent. This gentleman is the Premier of Victoria—that Colony which most of us, in an imperialistic moment, would describe in the words of J. K. S. as

> Enlightened, free, sublime,
> Unquestionably best
> Production of our time—

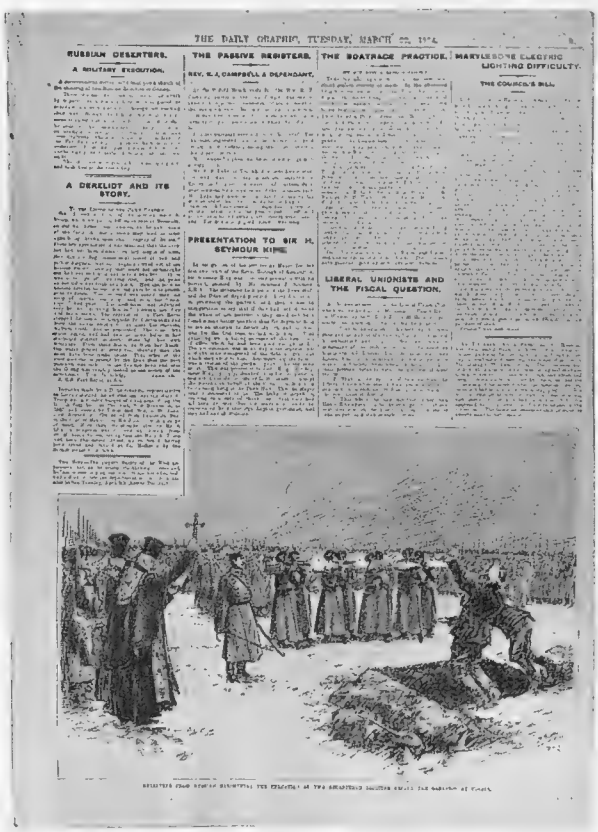
not so much because most of us are familiar with Victoria as because that is the description which for some years past we have been accustomed to apply to each and all of our Colonies, especially in comparison with the Mother Country. Victoria, I think, must deserve it, if only for the reason that it has produced Mr. Bent. For Mr. Bent has threatened to bring in a Bill making voting compulsory.

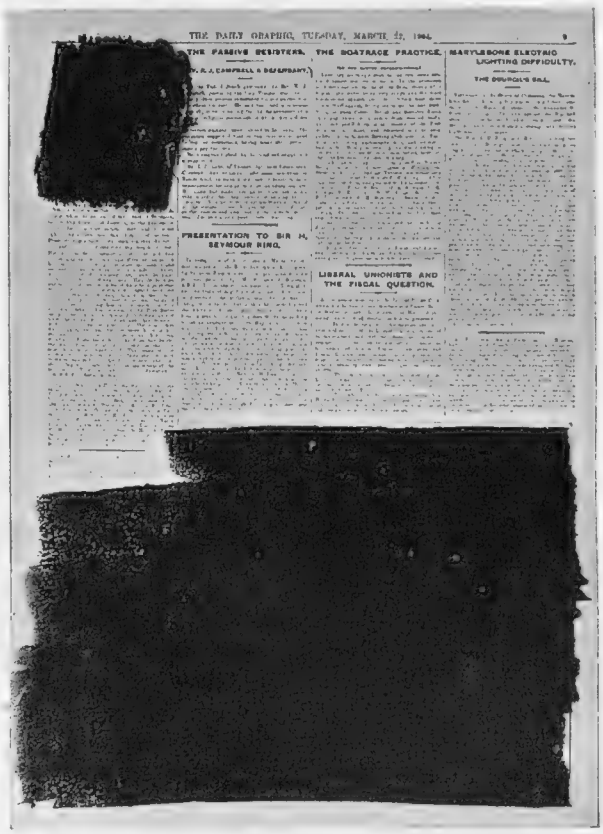
Of Victoria (Cf. Map of Australia)

Supposing Mr. B. to be a man of his word, Victoria will be worth a visit during the election season. No honey-tongued canvassers will be seen going from house to house, soliciting votes; no gracious ladies will call round upon the Victorian constituents to tell them how sweet it would be if they would plump for dear Mr. Smith instead of for horrid Mr. Robinson. Neither carriages and pairs nor motor-cars will be sent into the Bush (if there be Bush in Victoria) to bring waverers and laggards to the polls. On the contrary, the apathetic voter will be fetched in by a posse of police; he will be rounded up, like his own sheep; and if he refuses to fill in his paper, he will be given six months' hard labour without the option of a fine. The qualifications of an electioneering agent will no longer be tact and a good taste in posters, but rather the ability to handcuff recalcitrants and bring down with unerring boomerang the fugitive owner of a vote.

Are Examined, Criticised

Seriously, the importance of Mr. Bent—that which makes me venture to call his utterances at Melbourne portentous—consists rather in what he has admitted than in what he has threatened. Hitherto statesmen have always shrunk from dwelling on the apathy of electors. If the returns at any particular election have shown a falling off in the number of votes polled, some politician has always come forward to prove that there was a good deal of influenza among householders, or that hay-making was on and prevented many enthusiasts from attending, or that





A Page of the "Daily Graphic":

As it Leaves the Office — As it Reaches Russian Subscribers

The illustration objected to by the Censor depicts the shooting of two deserters before the garrison at Odessa

THE RUSSIAN CENSOR AT WORK

the Nonconformist element abstained because the Liberal candidate was not a Passive Resister, or that the Tories split on the question of free beer. Or there were not enough canvassers, or four-in-hands or flags or speeches—to induce the otherwise fervent electors to express their heart-felt opinions in a practical form.

And Found Portentous

It is natural that our politicians, who are for the most part as steeped in the nineteenth century as if they had only just begun it instead of having left it behind years ago, should be unwilling to face the fact that the glory of being an elector is no longer so dazzling as it was. If they did face this fact, they would have to face that other fact—that even politicians cannot rest on the laurels of their predecessors. . . . "Man is a political animal," said Aristotle. "Therefore he wants a vote," said Peel, and Mr. Gladstone, and in the end Disraeli, and every Tory who could read and write. The great Liberals saw this great need and fulfilled it. I do not think a revolution could undo their work. But to want a vote is not necessarily to want to use that vote at every election that takes place. Nor, if a truism or two may be pardoned, is a right necessarily a duty, nor a political animal necessarily a party political animal.

Indicating, as they do,

I asked pardon for truisms, but these are just the seasonable truisms that our politicians will not believe. Political apathy is to them—with their nineteenth century notions—so deadly a sin that they will not notice it, even when it stares at them. They have not the courage of Mr. Bent, for example, who, unable by the wildest stretch of imagination to consider the Victorian electorate enthusiastic, confronts the appalling situation, tears logic into two halves, and threatens to bring in a Bill making Voting Compulsory. Admirable Mr. Bent! It is not every Premier who, having the courage to see that his horse is not thirsty, has also the courage to drive it to the water in the belief that it can be forced to drink.

The Changes and—Perhaps—Improvements

Well, if my wishes avail, Mr. Bent will carry his Bill. If he does, the results will not only be amusing, but also instructive. To begin with, no doubt the police force will prevail, and apathetic Victorians will be run in to the polls in the ways that have been suggested. This will be the humorous period. Afterwards, there will be a reaction. It is impossible to guess what form it will take. Passive resistance would seem suitable to the Victorian temperament, but if passive resistance is not enough, there will be other ways. The question that both Mr. Bent (or Mr. Bent's successor) and the Anti-Compulsion party will have to answer is this—What form will government have to take in a country where (1) the right of a man to vote is recognised, (2) the disinclination of the majority to exercise that right must be recognised? The period during which this question is debated will be the period of instruction.

That are Bound to be Affected

For, as it seems to me, this is the question that most countries which have attained to freedom and surpassed the democratic idea will have to answer in some not very distant future. Apathy in the electorate varies no doubt from time to time. Mr. Chamberlain has disturbed it of late in this country; a series of sweeping measures might keep it at bay for a century. But it is there, and, in so far as it means indifference towards routine government and more or less routine legislation, it is natural; and it is mere cant to declaim against it. A great part of politics is a business, like any other; and men are not fools because they do not meddle with a business which is not their immediate business and is one they do not understand — the business of the Army for instance. Only they have a right, as shareholders, to criticise when the professional managers first blunder and then damn one another with faint praise.

By the Growth of Political Apathy

How this right may be maintained side by side with a growing indifference to the machinery of politics, it is for the Victorians, goaded by Mr. Bent, to show us. I do not pretend to say how they will do it. Perhaps they will entrust an enlightened Bureaucracy, tempered by the Referendum (and minus Mr. Bent) with executive powers; and leave legislation to be conducted by jury. . . . It is a mistake to anticipate too intelligently. All I wish to indicate is that Mr. Bent, with his Bill for Compulsory Voting, may, all unwitting, be establishing himself as a landmark for future political historians.

MINIMUS.

Photo by *Newman*

"Just Out"

The LIBRARY.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"New Letters of Thomas Carlyle." Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle. 2 vols. Illustrated. (John Lane: 25*s.* net.)

"Kings and Queens I have Known." By Hélène Vacaresco (friend of the Queen of Roumania, and joint author with her of several volumes of poetry.) With Portraits. (Harper: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Life of Beaconsfield." By Walter Sichel. A popularly written memoir by the author of "Disraeli: a Study in Personality and Ideas." (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Adventures among Pictures." By C. Lewis Hind. An impressionistic record of the pictures seen by the author during the past three years. Illustrated. (Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Rulers of Kings." By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Under Suspicion." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Made of Money." By Dorothea Gerard. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Amazing Verdict." By Marie Connor Leighton. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

Far Below Zero

"New Land: Four Years in the Arctic Regions." By Otto Sverdrup. Translated from the Norwegian by A. Hearn. London: 1904. (Longmans.) 2 vols. 36*s.* net.

That Captain Sverdrup's book, which contains the history of the second visit of the *Fram* to the Arctic regions immediately west of Greenland in the years 1898-1902, reads more like the account of a sporting tour than of a scientific expedition, is due first to the quiet, good-humoured courage with which the author treats of all the many and varied difficulties which the expedition naturally encountered, and, secondly, to the peculiar nature of Arctic exploration. The food question is, naturally, paramount: fresh meat is almost a necessity, both from considerations of health, and in order that the tinned provisions may be reserved for emergencies. Fortunately, game for the most part, was plentiful during the summer, and large stores of walrus, seal, musk-ox, bear, and Arctic hare were annually secured and stored in depôts against the winter night. The annual programme was simple in form; the spring and early summer were devoted to sledging excursions for the collection of scientific data and food; during late summer and autumn, a forward movement was made on board the *Fram*; and the winter, perhaps the busiest time of all, was spent in making repairs and preparations for the coming spring.

Hard though the life of the explorers was, yet social delights were not entirely absent; festal occasions, such as a birthday, Christmas Day, and particularly "Independence Day," May 17, were always marked by festivities. At Christmas there was invariably a

The Members of the Arctic Expedition

Otto Sverdrup, the leader of the Expedition, is seen seated in the middle of the group, clad in a light suit

Christmas-tree and presents for everybody. "They were chiefly children's toys—for men who felt like children. Drums, trumpets, fireworks, dolls, Noah's arks, sneezing-powder, scratching-powder, marzipan pigs, and things of that kind." Even the national cakes, "fattigmandsbakkelse," were provided by the thoughful steward. It is be hoped that they did not prove as trying to the teeth of the explorers as their name to those of the English reader. On May 17 the festivities were even more elaborate, processions with banners, speeches, and an elaborate menu. Even when one of their number, Bay, the naturalist, was alone at a meat depôt, called grandiloquently Björneborg, he did his best to observe the latter occasion in a fitting manner. His sole companion for four months was a dog, "Basilisken," and the following is his humorous account of the proceedings:

I had only one flag, but in the afternoon I took it down and walked in solemn procession to the outlook. Basilisken also took part in the procession, but was manifestly oppressed by the situation. The train stopped at the top of the hill where the commandant of Björneborg addressed the crowd. (During this Basilisken fell asleep and was whipped for his unseemly behaviour). I regret to say that when the procession returned to the castle, some of the dregs of the populace (Basilisken) took the opportunity of attacking the depôt of the expedition. The police were obliged to step in, and the excitement was not quieted until after assiduous and energetic use of the constables' clubs, and an arrest had been made.

Mishaps there always must be in Arctic exploration, and the expedition was fated to lose two of its number, one of these being the doctor. The Chief Engineer, Olsen, was unfortunate in dislocating first one arm and then the other. The first occasion was the worst, since the accident occurred when he was out on a sledge excursion, and he endured agonies during the journey back to the ship. Even there his trials were not over; there was no doctor, and the first attempts to set the limb were unavailing:

The operation would have been easy enough had we dared chloroform our patient, but we had no desire to attempt such a thing. . . . I therefore decided to make him throughly drunk—the effects of *that* we could better grapple with. . . . I entered into partnership with the brandy-fiend; sent for a bottle of the best cognac; and began to give him dram after dram, but it was really too much to expect him to drink himself half-seas over on dry nips all alone, without any other diversion, so I sat down and talked to him about everything I could think of. . . . When he had swallowed something like half a bottle we thought he must be about ripe to be taken. We accordingly placed him on a chest and the bone-setters began their work. But no—the bone would not go in. In his semi-conscious condition Olsen took the whole thing with the greatest calm, and said nothing when Fosheim and I tried our hand on him. To our surprise we were successful at the first attempt!

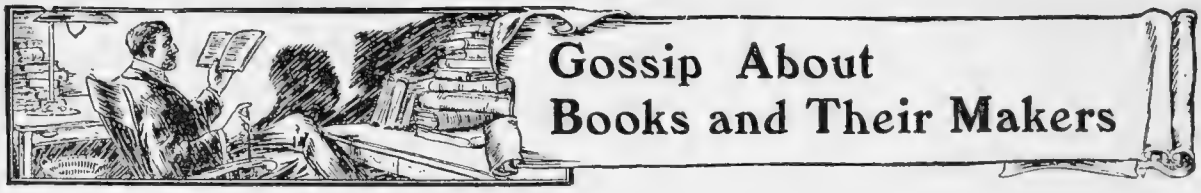
A fire on the *Fram*, which was only extinguished with great difficulty, came within an ace of proving fatal to the expedition; but "all's well that ends well," and though wind and ice prevented the explorers from carrying out their original programme in its entirety, yet the exploration of an approximate area of a thousand square miles is no mean record for an Arctic expedition. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

The true story of Jacqueline, the last independent sovereign of Holland, Zealand, and Hainault, has been told by Miss Ruth Putnam in a book to be entitled "A Mediæval Princess." Miss Putnam, it is interesting to note, is sister to her own publisher—the present head of the famous American publishing house is himself a distinguished author—and she has made a special study of the history of the Dutch people. She has a splendid subject in Jacqueline, who was not only one of the most heroic and beautiful women of her day, but almost the last survivor of the chivalry of the fourteenth century. "She was no tender, shrinking dame," says Professor Blok in his "History of the Peoples of the Netherlands," which Miss Putnam translated five or six years ago. "She was quite capable of leading troops, conducting sieges, and making plans of policy as well as the most skilled knight, the most experienced diplomat, in her train. And she won many hearts by her courageous bearing. She was a woman in armour, the worthy granddaughter of the valiant Empress Margaret, the worthy kinswoman of her famous great-aunt, Philippa of Hainault, Queen of England, the worthy daughter of her proud mother, Margaret of Burgundy, and of her chivalrous father. And she had need of all these qualities, for she was confronted by great difficulties at the very instant of her accession." The story of Jacqueline's luckless marriages, of her love for her English husband, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester—who deserted her to devote his attentions to Eleanor Cobham, and to whom poor Jacqueline wrote that she was, "the most unfortunate, most shamefully betrayed woman upon the earth"—is alone more romantic than many a work of fiction.

The recently published "Confessions" of a Russian Physician are to be followed by "The Confessions of a Fashionable Physician" in England. The author who remains, of course, anonymous, reveals, it is said, some startling relationships which exist between medical men and their patients. He then raises the important questions, "Is the public at large supplied with a satisfactory medical guardianship?" and, "If not, who is at fault, the doctors or the public?" It is a work that should help both doctors and the laity to better understand one another—and themselves.

Professor William Knight is putting the finishing touches to the eagerly-looked for volume of letters of the Wordsworth family, upon the editing and arranging of which he has long been engaged. The "Journals" of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, which he edited in two volumes for his complete edition of their works, appeared about eight years ago. These were published by Messrs. Macmillan; the letters, which will be quite distinct from the former collections, will be issued by Messrs. Ginn and Co. The e are nearly 800 letters altogether, and besides those written by William and Dorothy Wordsworth, there are letters by their brother John, and other members of the family. Many new biographical facts concernir g oet are disclosed in the cor espo dence.



Mr. Chesterton's "Discovery"

Mr. Chesterton's "belated hilarity" in a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER over his reading of "The Thirteen Evenings" by Mr. George Bartram, was a matter of some interest and no small pleasure to me, as I have very pleasant memories of "The People of Clopton," which appeared seven years ago, and was, if I am not mistaken, the first work of fiction from the hand that has ministered so acceptably to the delectation of "G. K. C." I agree that there are few concerned with literary affairs who could tell anything about this most delightful writer, but I remember a literary critic, whose reputation for omniscience is proverbial, having to confess that he had never heard the name of Mr. Alfred Ollivant some years after that author had made his mark with "Owd Bob," one of the finest novels of recent years.

A Novelist of Shakespeare's Greenwood

Mr. Bartram appealed especially to me on the ground of "local colour," as it happened that I was living in his "green Midlands" at the time when his first book appeared, and it required no unusual critical faculty to realise that here [illegible] a writer who knew the people of Shake[illegible]wood *au cœur*. There is nothing in t[illegible] of the much-vaunted mode[illegible] of writ[illegible]s better than these masterly studies of Midland peasant folk, but Mr. Bartram has never had the luck to be "boomed," and, as a consequence, his name does not appear in any of the numerous reference books which give personal particulars of living authors. I suspect it to be an assumed name from the manner in which the writer introduces himself as "George Bartram" into his stories. In addition to the book which has moved Mr. Chesterton to most reasonable rapture, and that already mentioned, this novelist of the Midlands has also written "The White headed Boy"; but these three are all that I remember.

Photo by *Thompson*

Gertrude Atherton

One of America's successful Lady Novelists, whose new novel, "Rulers of Kings," has just been published

"G. K. C." and "C. K. S."

While, like some chivalrous knight of the pen rejoicing that he has found, in the championship of George Bartram, "an honourable mission," Mr. Chesterton suddenly finds himself challenged by the redoubtable Mr. Clement Shorter, and it would seem that an occasion is given him to engage in a passage at arms, with his own literary reputation as subject for defence. Mr. Shorter has somehow arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Chesterton does not possess "the faintest talent either as a novelist, a literary critic, or a literary biographer." Here I have a confession to make. Two years ago I was as strongly prejudiced against "G. K. C." as one could be, for paradoxical philosophy is seldom a dish

to my taste, but I am persuaded that Mr. Chesterton is infinitely more than a mere master of paradox, and Mr. Shorter's opinion of him is suspiciously like a denial of the obvious, which we all know is one of Mr. Chesterton's little tricks. "The highest possible compliment which can be paid to Mr. George Bartram," wrote Mr. Chesterton, "may be expressed in the form that all the thirteen stories in this book of his might have been told by peasants totally unacquainted with reading or writing." I submit that there is more of the essential stuff of literary criticism in that one sentence than in columns of book reviews which, in these artless days, readily pass current as criticism. And in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" there is true feeling for romance allied to an exalted sense of humour. But, there, it is not for me to play squire to so valiant and accomplished a knight as Mr. Chesterton!

When Critics Differ

Literary criticism is, after all, largely an affair of temperament, else we could not have such incompatible judgments as almost every new book evokes. If someone, for example, would set out in parallel columns the criticisms which have appeared on Mr. Crockett's "Strong Mac," the ordinary newspaper reader would be at a loss to know where the truth lay. Mr. Eden Phillpott's latest novel, "The American Prisoner," has also been the subject of the most diversified opinions. With the heartiest desire to find the real Phillpotts in the book, I have discovered therein as much crude melodrama as would furnish forth an ideal Surrey side concoction, yet critics whose judgment commands respect have described it as the author's masterpiece, though here and there its patent shortcomings have been timorously pointed out. Of course, if a critic conceives it to be his duty to express the point of view of the unthinking reader, one can understand these things. For a book may be utterly devoid of art, and yet assured of a ready acceptance at the hands of those who gobble up, but never digest, the stuff which crowds the shelves of our circulating libraries. Mr. Phillpotts is far too good a writer to be encouraged in the thought that this new book of his takes rank with half-a-dozen one could name from the same source. He has essayed historical romance, and has produced a mere novel of incident, though it does contain much good writing and real insight into life. Like the curate's egg, "it is excellent in parts." Let it sell in thousands. I trust that his next book will be in his old manner.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts
Author of "The American Prisoner," etc.

Gertrude Atherton and "Style"

A fortnight ago I gave a portrait of that very popular Anglo-American authoress, Mrs. Everard Cotes, and this week I am adding to our gallery of literary celebrities the latest photograph of Gertrude Atherton, who is one of the brightest products of literary America. Mrs. Atherton is a great-grand-niece of Benjamin Franklin no less, and a fair daughter of San Francisco, which, like Ayr, is famed for its "bonnie lassies," though one may hesitate to attribute to it an unusual proportion of "honest men." Mrs. Atherton is almost as well known in London Society as she is in the United States, and a few years ago she described to the Washington Club, which is quite the most exclusive club in the American capital, her impressions of literary London. In her books she is nothing if not audacious, and, in this famous address, she is understood to have been deliciously indiscreet; but, as only a bowdlerised version has ever been published, we can but guess what she said of us to her compatriots. This is caustic enough, however:

> Even the worshippers of George Meredith will attempt but a feeble defence when his atrocious style comes up for discussion. Hardy, whose style is better, because simpler, lacks the higher distinction. Mrs. Ward is a good story-teller gone wrong, and Lucas Malet is slipshod and redundant. Kipling's style is his own, and he has caused his scorn for the "literary manner" to reverberate. The style of most of the "popular" romancists is second-rate, and, although Hope and Weyman write like scholarly gentlemen, and have cultivated an artistic brevity, they are not stylists. Therefore, a certain group has grown up in London which, having too much culture and intellect, and most of whose members, having reviewed books *ad nauseam*, have made a fetish of what they call style, but which is in reality but that deeply considered combination of words which the French call *préciosité*.

All this is very funny, as, indeed, is the sight of any group of Americans who exalt such unspeakable trash as the writing of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood for public worship, discussing the style of contemporary English literature. And, by the way, touching this vexed question, one might [illegible] that it is quite unnecessary for a [illegible] s the English language, or e[illegible] tell us what is h Frer h fo[illegible] J. A. H.

CONCERNING MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER

Now that the tumult and the shouting have passed finally into peace; now that the dust-clouds have settled and the reek of combat has been borne away on the breeze; now that the waters of strife have receded, the swords been turned to plough-shares, and the lion has made himself comfortable by the side of the lamb; now, in short, that the versatile actor-manager of the Garrick Theatre and the polyglot dramatic critic of the *Times* newspaper have declared honour satisfied and fallen each on the other's neck, it is possible at length to write of Mr. Arthur Bourchier calmly, without that fierce inflation of partisanship which, too surely, would have animated the writer a few short months ago, when the brotherhood of man was rent apart by the controversy as to whether Mr. Arthur Bourchier was right in refusing the *entrée* of his theatre to Mr. A. B. Walkley, whose criticisms of Mr. H. A. Jones's work he thought unfair. (A long sentence.)

When Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Jones permitted the sun to go down on their joint wrath in that famous controversy, and decided to don their armour against the arrogant pretensions of Printing House Square, people were surprised, with that joyful astonishment which grips us all at the news of a row in an unexpected quarter. But for all their surprise, it may have crossed the minds of many that this violent and revolutionary action of Mr. Bourchier on behalf of his dramatist was rather in his character. He has never, from the first, been one for a quiet plodding along the old paths.

He is one of the small and invaluable band of men who launch out. Sometimes they fail; gracefully, as in the case of the attempted suppression of Mr. Walkley; or frightfully, as in the case of—let us say, the Jameson Raid, since Mr. Bourchier's career affords no sufficiently striking example. Unless we are to place in this category of failures a certain play called *Mr. Richards*, which, when produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, "did *not*," says Mr. Bourchier with the emphasis of restraint, "run over 300 nights" —this with reference to the famous 300-night run of *The Chili Widow*, a play which broke a long period of bad luck at the Royalty, when Mr. Bourchier produced it there in 1895.

This same *Widow*, by the way, is an instance of Mr. Bourchier's happy talent for adaptation. Originally the French public knew it as *Monsieur le Directeur*. He has also produced English versions of *Femmes Qui Pleurent*, *Jean Marie*, *Der Rabenvater*, and doubtless others in his time. The French stage has been good to Mr. Bourchier, what with the *Widow*, and the introduction this year of an English version of *La Robe Rouge*, with Mr. Bourchier in the leading part of the very, very French, exami[illegible]g[illegible]agistrate. Not to mention the awful little lur[illegible]a[illegible]um play with which he was recently making London's flesh creep, and which he discovered at a small Parisian theatre, being acted, as some of us could tell, with additional touches of ghastliness such as the London public is not regarded as quite old enough to be allowed to see.

But we were speaking of Mr. Bourchier as an originator, a man of initiative. It may be safely conjectured that his going on the stage at all was an example of this; for his father was an officer in the Hussars, who probably did not send him to Eton and Christ Church with the idea of fitting him for the career of the theatre. Yet there can be no doubt that he owes a very great deal of his personal and peculiar hold on playgoers to the special kind of ease and self-command that came to him with that training.

And, speaking of initiative power, it was during his period of studious retirement in the cloistered seclusion of Oxford that Mr. Bourchier took the step which not only did much (as we must suppose) to determine his own future, but had in subsequent years a profound effect on the lives of not a few of those who came after him. He was one of the moving spirits who brought to birth the Oxford University Dramatic Society—the "O.U.D.S." which, flourishing still, has been responsible, since Mr. Bourchier's time, for the introduction to the stage of several of the most able, conscientious, and promising of the younger generation of actors, and has taken a very prominent part in the beginnings of the emancipation of the stage from certain old and undesirable traditions of life.

It was when the venerable and not less redoubtable Jowett was Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, that Mr. Bourchier, of "the House," approached the authorities asking permission to found the Society and build a theatre in Oxford. Dr. Jowett not only gave his sanction, but his co-operation as well; and, before going down, Mr. Bourchier had played Shylock, Falstaff, Brutus, and Hotspur, as well as his first and last Greek part—Thanatos, in the *Alcestis*.

From there to his famous Doctor Johnson of our times is a far cry. The interval of time saw Mr. Bourchier's development into a consummate actor of wonderfully versatile powers in rendering of character, capable of playing you a bishop, a gentleman gambler, a French magistrate, a raving maniac, and what not? It also witnessed his marriage to the clever and charming actress who supports him at the Garrick: and it brought him the singular honour of supping with his Sovereign in his costume and make-up, as the old Doctor who was once so overwhelmed by a few courteous words from one of his Majesty's predecessors.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier

OUR SHORT STORY

A QUESTION OF MEMORY

BY PAUL CRESWICK

The Eminent Novelist was in a dull mood. For some minutes now he had been regarding rather blankly the equally blank sheets of paper lying before him on his desk. It was a June morning, and—somehow—memories of another June morning, far-off in the long ago, obtruded.

Mayhap, it was the bright sunshine streaming in through the open London window, filling the air with dancing thoughts, that made our novelist so retrospective—and idle. He had in his mind, vaguely, a vision of that June morning in a Devon cider orchard, when in the eternal egotism of youth he had talked, and *she* had listened. When, half-fearfully, he had touched the mysteries of love.

Long ago—oh, very long ago! Bless me—what was the girl's name? She had had ridiculous ideals incompatible with such a merry round face, and such impertinent red hair—the Eminent Novelist recollected. Her father had owned the cider orchard, and many others. What *was* the name? Sampford, or Widdicombe, or Debbyhouse?

Not any of them a bit like it. *She* was a memory—nothing more. The Eminent Novelist sighed. Times had changed since then. Now he was—well, famous, in a sort of way. That is, he had no worldly sordid troubles . . . .

A discreet tap at the door disturbed these more comfortable reflections. It was the page-boy.

"Please, sir, a lady."

"Yes?"

"Won't give her name, sir. Wants to see you very particular. Has called twice already——"

"Ask her to be good enough to come in," interrupted the Eminent Novelist, with a faint hope of "copy" rising within him. Those blank sheets were reproachful!

A moment later a girl rustled into the sanctum. She was dressed in violet voile, made in the extreme of fashion, with a great black feathery hat on her well-poised head. She appeared very much at ease, and smiled affably enough towards the Eminent Novelist.

"You must forgive my 'boarding' you like this," she began graciously. "I haven't sent the carriage away, so you can imagine that I won't really detain you. . . ." The Novelist indicated a seat, and bowed. "Thanks awfully. I see I have disturbed you. . . . Well, to the point, then, at once. I have come to talk about your books. Your last one is a distinct falling away."

The Novelist sank into [illegible] l-backed chair, and waited in silence.

"Oh, I know it's unusual and all that, for one to speak one's opinion in the open," the girl went on, airily. She had a perfume of violets about her, and a pretty trick of dimpling her cheeks. The Novelist seemed to have remembered having seen something like it before. Very frank eyes she had, and gleaming hair, and a nice sense of gesture. Altogether, the Novelist found it in him to overlook her impudence.

"I have read all your books, don't you know," continued the girl, suddenly becoming serious. "And, in a manner, I have rather gone in for them. A woman's first enthusiasm sort of thing . . . 'falling in love with a portrait' idea. You understand?"

"I think so." (He rather flattered himself on comprehending the sex!)

"Well, honestly, you know—you're not doing yourself justice. I won't say you're pot-boiling exactly; but, at any rate, you're lighting the fire preparatory to it. Now, I'm sorry—and so are heaps of people, who—who *care*, don't you know."

"It's very good of you."

"Not at all. As I said, one has ideals and things in one's youth." (The Novelist admitted *that*). "You're rather my ideal—or you were. I can prove it to you that you are falling away. Take your first book, for instance—"

"Crude, and very young," suggested the Novelist.

"Crude and very sincere," corrected the girl swiftly. "I begin to believe that with age and experience one's eyes grow dim. I understand it's physiologically so in the fifties; but, as regards the soul, decay appears to set in much earlier. . . . I'm not keeping you?"

"Please go on."

"Well, do just read some of your early work again. I'm sure——"

"If you can really prove to me that my stuff is becoming worse instead of slightly better," the Novelist checked her, "I will very willingly give a cheque for one hundred guineas to any charity you like to name."

The violet girl laughed again, and dimpled her round cheeks. "Well, that's business, certainly, and I'd dearly like to take up the challenge! But I want to speak of your books generally, with a view to helping you—and myself. You know that now it's your *name* that sells."

The Novelist shrugged his shoulders, and glanced towards the clock.

"It's so, I am afraid," said the girl, smoothing her skirts deprecatingly. "I won't keep you a minute longer. This is my notion. I'll write your stories for

(All rights reserved)

you, and you'll sign them. It will be a good deal less work for you, while I——"

"Yes?" inquired he, rising.

"I don't seem to be able to sell my stories as it is, don't you see?" she continued, with the first signs of losing her nerve. Her dimple had vanished temporarily. "And I'm sure——"

"I'm profoundly obliged to you," remarked the Eminent Novelist very coldly, "but I fear that such an arrangement would be scarcely fair."

"Not fair?" she echoed, with a touch of scorn. "Not fair? To whom? To your publisher? He doesn't even read your manuscripts now, of course. It's just your name, and *his* imprint. To your public? They'll gobble anything signed by you—because it's the 'thing,' don't you know! Not fair to yourself? I maintain that I shall do you more than justice. . . . Here's a short piece——" She produced from a little bag hanging at her waist, a folded paper, in a conjuring trick kind of way. "Read that; sign it—and do me the honour of making the attempt. Good morning."

She dropped the paper into the hand outstretched in dismissal, curtsied charmingly, smiled and dimpled once more, then rustled herself to the door and disappeared from his view, leaving a perfume of violets and forgotten things behind her . . . In a little, the Eminent Novelist heard the sound of departing carriage wheels. He laughed then heartily—utterly. "Well, I'm——"

He stopped short, and returned to his desk. There, he unfolded the paper, and glanced casually at it. "H'm—rather like my style," he admitted. He looked at the end. "Clever girl that——I wonder if there's anything in what she says? I would like to know——" He seized his pen; signed the manuscript in his neat, small handwriting; then pushed the paper hastily into an envelope. Without permitting himself pause to relent, he addressed the envelope to his agent; stamped it; rang for the page boy.

"Post that at once, will you?" he ordered coolly.

. . . . . .

Within three posts the manuscript was returned—with an incredulous note from the agent.

"My dear chap," it began somewhat familiarly. "What are you about? Is it a joke, or midsummer madness? You send me a queer little piece; thoughtful, analytical, and done with more than your usual style. So much I'll freely admit. But where is the story? Don't you know, by now, that the tale's the thing? Haven't I drummed it in to you ever since we started together; and with the best results for both of us. I can sell your stuff like hot cakes in the ordinary course; and I can find a market for the last—if you *insist*.

"But! Firstly, the public hate analysis. They haven't the leisure for it, or the patience—or the understanding. Secondly, they can only appreciate thought so long as it keeps on the copy-book platitude level. Hang it, man—remember how —— — — books sell! Lastly, as regards style, the public honestly don't care one way or t'other. Forgive my brutality, and let me know what I'm to do.—Yours perplexed, ——."

The Eminent Novelist pacified the agent by withdrawing the obnoxious piece, and sending him two short stories, in his (the E. N.'s) later manner. Then the Eminent Novelist waited for the return of the violet girl, with outward calm.

Inwardly, he was disturbed—a little. He felt some sense of triumph that her impudent notion of fooling the public should have failed so dismally at the very outset!

Moreover, on reflection, he decided that the agent had sought to soften his rejection of the MS.; and so had ingeniously implied it to be "too good." This seemed a reasonable view of the man's letter. On the whole, the violet girl hadn't actually secured a point.

Having thus entirely disposed of her, the Eminent Novelist glanced a second time at her story. He smiled as he noted the construction, the anti-climax, the "youngness" of the thing. He shrugged indulgently towards the quaint rounding of her sentences, so intelligently reproducing his own style. One or two phrases stirred him, indeed, he allowed reluctantly that there was merit in the piece.

It was really clever how she caught his earlier method.

"Ideals are the Unattainable," she wrote, "yet every decent man will strive after them!"

"Time smooths away the epochs in our lives; so that presently only wrinkles are left to mark their scars."

"My next book will be all margin. But I don't suppose the public will appreciate the delicate irony of it."

Satirical, eh? Another phase of youth! He returned to his work. His new daring novel—"Heart of a Girl." . . .

She came, with her faint fragrance of violets and memories. The Eminent Novelist took up an attitude of tolerance towards her, and strove to lessen the blow. She put that aside—"Well—about the story? Did you sign it?"

"I did."

"And send it off?"

"Yes. I was weak enough to dare so much." He laughed a little as he turned up the agent's letter. "I sent it away without a word—and the secret still remains between the two of us. I was piqued into being unfairly fair! Now please read my agent's reply, returning the story the very next night." He handed her the letter.

She read it, standing; her own expression unreadable. She sat down suddenly in the chair he silently offered, and read the note a second time. He perceived, as she bent her pretty head, that her hair was of a very charming colour—red-gold and shining. He fancied, as she did not look up, that perhaps she was —crying.

He made the effort then to break an awkward silence; but she interrupted him on his first words, in a strange stifled manner:

"Did you say a hundred guineas," she asked, "or was it pounds?"

"I don't think I quite——"

"You said that if I could really prove your work to be falling away, you would give——"

"Oh, yes; a hundred guineas to any charity you cared to name," he asked stiffly. "I had not forgotten. The ."

She raised her eyes—they gleamed maliciously at him, as her cheeks began to dimple. "Perhaps you will be good enough to get out your cheque-book," she remarked, calmly returning him the agent's note.

"What do you mean?"

"The story is your own. It appeared in *Young People* in August, 1889. I cut it out then, and a week ago had it typed. I brought it with me the other morning for two reasons——"

"One of which I know," murmured the Eminent Novelist, commanding himself most surprisingly. A sudden suspicion had helped him to parry an otherwise deadly thrust. He reached for his cheque-book, opened it, and took up his pen. "Pay one hundred guineas," he wrote rapidly, "to ——?"

"Muriel Courtenay," the violet girl answered demurely.

He filled up the cheque, signed it, tore it out of the book, without betraying his agitation. He rose and crossed to her with the paper fluttering feebly in his hand. "And how is the cider-orchard now, Muriel?" he questioned, in a would-be dry voice. "Do you play there still?"

"Not for many years," she told him, in her valiant manner. As her frank eyes held his repentant glance, she made full confession—"but—I do not *forget*," she added, in a gentle, almost motherly tone.

"A BOOM IN COPPER"

SCENE: *Any large Railway Station*

NEWSBOY (*with frantic eagerness*): Ereyarser Starnoosek—oo (*pause*)—Allerwinners.

FEEBLE OLD GENTLEMAN: Er—um (*produces halfpenny, which incontinently rolls into adjacent drain*).

NEWSBOY (*unperceiving the coin's destination, grovels instantly in search thereof. In muffled accents*): 'Ere, 'Ted, ole gent's lorst a tanner.

SECOND NEWSBOY (*complacently making an appearance*): Garn, wot'yer tike me for?

NEWSBOY (*seriously*): Strite—'av 'er look. (*S. N. thereupon joins the search on knees and hands.*)

BOOTBLACK 8,239 (*adopting a tone of careful indifference*): Wot's up — ennywun lorst ennythink? Wot—'arf a dollar? (*To adjacent Outside Porter 34*): Hi? Jimm-ay, 'ere's a dollar wyteing to be picked up.

O. P. 34 (*rouses into life a friendly cabbie*): Nah den, cabbie, 'ere's a crown knockin' abart dahn 'ere—get off yer perch!

(*O. P. 34 and somnolent cabbie join the search.*)

P. C. K. (*suddenly appearing on the scene*): Now then, move hon—move hon. Wotsorlthis, eh?

NEWSBOY (*with sudden deference*): Orlrite, sir, gent's lorst 'arf a quid. (*P. C. becomes interested.*) Well, git on with it, then.

(*Newsboy grovels again without loss of time.*)

BUDSON BROS. "BOY": Ello, wot's ther matter? (*Question ignored by all. Later, to Inquisitive Old Lady*): Yus, mum, pore ole gent's fainted—they're witin' for th' ambulunce from th' orspital.

I. O. L. (*to Garrulous Friend*): Yes, my dere, 'e ses, ses 'e, this young man 'ere *tole* me so. Ole gent run over—it's 'orrible. Them motor-cars, that's wot it is. (*Having delivered herself, she looks around complacently for a dissentient voice.*)

FEEBLE OLD GENTLEMAN (*having successfully extricated himself from the crowd*): I—I—tell you—I—it went down——

I. O. L. Ho! I s'pose you know orl about it, then. P'raps, mister, you'll corl me a——

F. O. G. (*indignantly*): My good woman—I—I—tell you—I mean——

I. O. L. (*addressing assembled crowd, now augmented by eight small boys, three navvies, numerous adjacent shopkeepers, and sigh seers*): I 'ope. I *do* 'ope as you orl 'eard wot 'e corl me. A ninsult *I* corl it.

CABBY 1,779 (*very much on the off side*): Wot! bloke fell orf a nomnibus? Serve him rite—should take a keb. I ses——

LONDON ROAD CAR DRIVER (*with sudden energy*): Nah, then, fat 'ed. Want orl the road? Git on yer own side. Wot's the matter, eh? 'Nother one of you cabbies bin knockin' someone down? Well, I never did.

P.C. K 782 (*to F. O. G. and I. O. L.*): Come on, come on, please; you carn't row 'ere. If you got fambly troubles 'ave it out at 'ome; that's my tip. (*Gazes at the assembled crowd for approval. They cry "'Ear, 'ear!" "Wot O!" "'E's rite!" ad nauseam.*)

F. O. G.: But, constable, I am—trying—to tell—I—you——

P.C. K 782 (*bridling*): Don't answer me. Move hon wen I tell yer. D'year.

F. O. G. (*bearing in mind a certain well-known adage makes a hasty exit*): Doubles his haste when he perceives I. O. L. and G. F. making tracks in his direction. Displays unwonted and undignified energy when he perceives, on a second glance, a small and angry band moving in his direction, and, later, is lost to sight.

FLORENCE BROCKHOUSE.

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"THE CINGALEE" AT DALY'S THEATRE

We much regret that the photographs do not present as complete a picture of the performance as we should have desired. For instance, Miss Gracie Leigh, who plays the part of Peggy Sabine most delightfully, is not included

Miss Isabel Jay as Lady Patricia Vane

Miss Jay is quite the delight of the play, though why she should assist the tea planter, Harry Vereker, to form a *mésalliance* with a Cingalee girl, is not quite clear

Miss Carrie Moore Plays the Part of a Cingalese Tea-girl (Naitooma) Excellently

She is wooed intermittently by one of Vereker's young English pupils

Miss Mabel Hirst

Miss Mary Fraser

Two of the Four Pretty Governesses of Miss Angy Loftus

These governesses would certainly not meet with the approval of a severe mamma with eligible sons

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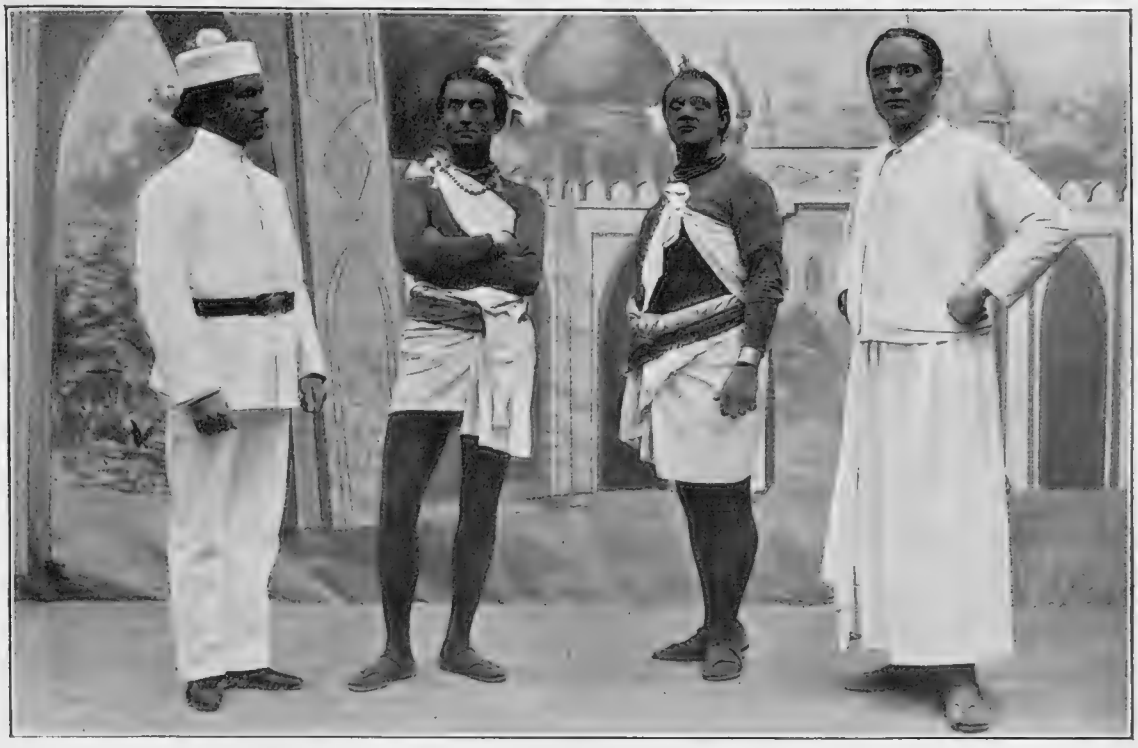
Bobby Warren (Mr. Henry J. Ford) and Naitooma (Miss Carrie Moore)

Although the venue of the play is honoured by visits from a perfect galaxy of English beauty, Harry Vereker refuses to wed anyone but a native girl, Nanoya, and his pupils faithfully follow his noble example. Bobby Warren is his right hand man



Four Indian Attendants

The play is splendidly costumed throughout, and these four look their parts to the life

Miss Doris Stocker Miss May Fraser Miss Nina Sevening Miss Joan Keddie Miss Mabel Hirst

Sir Peter Loftus (Mr. Fred Kaye) Enjoying Himself with His Daughter's Gover[illegible] Miss Stocker, as His Daughter, is the Saintiest Little Lady

Copyright Photos [illegible]*orial Publishing Company, Ltd.*

Miss Doris Stocker Attired as a Cingalee (except the slippers)
The charming daughter of Sir Peter Loftus (Mr. Fred Kaye)

Miss Sybil Arundale, in Act I., Singing her Charming Song, "My Cinnamon Tree"

Copyright Photos

Chambhuddy Ram is a thorough rascal, who has contrived to hoodwink everybody. His baboo English is extremely funny, and he keeps the house in fits the whole while

The Stage Pictorial Publishing Company, Ltd.

In Act II. he sings a song called "The Life of the English Pot" (swell), being his idea of what the said "pot" says and does in England

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE IRRESISTIBLE MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, IN HIS CHARACTER OF "CHAMBHUDDY RAM," A BABOO LAWYER

Copyright photo *The Stage Pictorial Publishing Company, Ltd.*

Act I.—Harry Vereker (Mr. Hayden Coffin) and Nanoya (Miss Sybil Arundale)

Miss Arundale acts, sings, and dances with her usual charm. Although Vereker prefers her to "England, Home and Beauty," it transpires she was married, at four years of age, to a Noble of Kandy (Mr. Rutland Barrington). The Noble gets his wife, but in Act II. the planters rescue her with the help of Lady Patricia and Peggy Sabine, to say nothing of Chambhuddy Ram

By
INGLIS
ALLEN

Not being an early riser (all right—leave me alone—I know all about it—I shall never get on in the world, while I persist in not understanding why a thing which is praiseworthy integrity at ten at night should be incorrigible blackguardism at ten in the morning) not being an early riser (you see, I am obstinate, so you may as well spare your breath)—— NOT BEING AN EARLY RISER I must confess to an attitude of blear-eyed resentment on being roused from sleep by my sister a full hour earlier than my usual time (which is itself an hour earlier than I should like) even though it be to learn that Mrs. Bletchley, the lady who "came to oblige" a week ago, has arrived for her duties in an intoxicated condition, and refuses to leave the house; furthermore, has expressed her intention of having my gizzard.

"You must come down at once," cries my sister.

I think this is expecting a good deal of me, and I tell her so. She responds excitedly that my services are required immediately to prevent the lady breaking any more things before the arrival of the policeman, for whom the faithful Mrs. Pratt has been dispatched. Accordingly, I rise, and donning a dressing-gown descend the stairs, conscious that I am not looking my best, and filled with uneasy conjectures as to the precise anatomical locality of my gizzard. Assuming as masterful an air as possible I precede my sister into the kitchen.

Half leaning, half reclining, against the mangle, amid a litter of broken crockery is the figure of Mrs. Bletchley. Her bonnet hangs by its strings down her back; in one hand she holds a plate absently, while staring at vacancy with an expression of amused abstraction.

"Now, Mrs. Bletchley," cries my sister with triumphant determination. The figure by the mangle recalls itself to earth, dropping the plate with a crash in the process.

"So you've brought pleeceman, 'ave yer?" she remarks. "Let's see wotesgointerdo."

For a moment I breathe more freely. My sister runs angrily to a pile of plates and removes them from the lady's reach.

"The policeman will be here soon," she cries hotly. "For the present I've brought my brother, and I warn you he won't stand any nonsense."

I certainly do think Winifred might be a little more conciliating. After all, a gizzard is a gizzard.

Mrs. Bletchley sniggers scornfully.

"So you've brought Mr. Ingeralls," she exclaims. "Let's see wotesgointerdo."

Being of a chivalrous nature I have no intention of doing anything (beyond a determination to die rather than surrender my gizzard). I strive to convey that impression.

"For the last time," demands my sister, "are you going to leave the house, or will the policeman have to take you?"

Mrs. Bletchley surveys her with amusement.

"Pleeceman!" she exclaims hilariously. "Think I mind a pleeceman! One of my 'usbands 's a pleeceman!"

My sister disregards the appalling communication.

"Are you going or not?" she demands.

"I ain't goin' without my money," replies Mrs Bletchley, and rises from the mangle. "Where's my money?" she demands formidably.

"I shall *certainly* not give you your money," states my sister, with resolution.

It is useless to argue with Winifred when she's like this. Personally, I always think, in cases like these, that a few concessions on either side——

(All rights reserved)

"*Certainly* not," repeats my sister, "while you're intoxicated."

Mrs. Bletchley relapses against the mangle.

"In—toxi——" she murmurs vaguely.

"You are drunk," states my sister uncompromisingly.

Mrs. Bletchley stares at her aghast.

"Drunk?" she says, slowly. "*Der-runk!*—I can't be. Becos I 'aven't 'ad nothin'."

This seems to me to be conclusive.

"*Drunk!*" repeats Mrs. Bletchley. "It's the 'ard *work*. Work, work, work, at it all day, no time ter snatch a crust. There's some people—I don' mention no names" (here Mrs. Bletchley's voice contracts to a scornful whisper)—"sittin' agenst the table fer 'arf an hour an' three quarters at a time while others does the work. That's yer Mrs. Pratt."

Here my sister draws me aside to inform me that she will await the arrival of the policeman in the breakfast-room, leaving me to cope with Mrs. Bletchley alone.

"I don' mention no names," the lady is saying. "Sittin' with 'er feet under the table fer hour an' 'alf at a time while I do all the work. That's yer Mrs. Pratt."

"You've brought it on yourself, Mrs. Bletchley," says my sister from the door. "I shall have to leave you to the policeman now."

Mrs. Bletchley, from the mangle, regards my sister's departing figure with an indulgent smile. The door closes. After a time, Mrs. Bletchley's smile fades, and she regards me ominously. I begin to feel renewed apprehensions; never have I felt so much the desirability of a chaperone. At last she speaks.

"Everybody," she observes with solemnity, "ought to 'ave their opinion about everythink."

I assure her that she expresses, admirably, the ruling idea of modern civilisation.

"I'm a woman of opinion," she states.

I murmur "Indeed," and seat myself on the table.

"An' I 'ave my opinion Mrs. Pratt," she continues.

I admit that I had gathered as much.

"Wot I can't understand," she observes, "is Miss Allen 'avin' sich an opinion Mrs. Pratt, when she's not at all the woman I am."

I assure her of my unqualified assent. She appears gratified.

"Sittin' with 'er legs under the table fer hours tergether while I do the 'ard work. That's wot's the matter with me. I'm ill with the 'ard work."

I admit that she seems to have overdone it.

"Does Miss Allen think," she demands, "that I'm under—under——"

"The influence ——" I suggest, with the best of intentions.

"Under agreement to do all the 'ard work? I'm a woman of opinion, an' my opinion Mrs. Pratt, is that she's no class."

"That is rather severe," I put in.

"Never have I ...' so much the desirability of a chaperone

"I say," cries Mrs. Bletchley loudly, "she's a snake in the grass sittin' with 'er legs under the table all day while others 'as ter do the work."

I hastily endeavour to soothe her by an air of being struck by the fidelity of this picture.

"I don' bear Miss Allen no grudge," she resumes more calmly. "She's a nice little body. Bless 'er, I wouldn't 'urt a 'air of 'er pretty 'ead."

I am glad to hear this, though I could still wish for some similar assurance with regard to my gizzard.

"Allen," observes the lady, making a futile attempt to obtain a more upright position against the mangle, "my maiden name. James Allen, my father."

I suggest possible ties of kinship.

"James Allen," she repeats, "secret'ry o' three clubs in Billingsgate."

we are interrupted by the entrance of my sister, who, drawing me aside, informs me that the policeman has arrived, but that the law will not allow him to enter the house unless someone has called "Murder." I suggest that someone call "Murder" forthwith, which is received as frivolous. Instructing me that I must get the lady as far as the area door, where the policeman will then take charge of her, my sister leaves the room again.

Mrs. Bletchley, who has evidently caught something of my sister's remarks, is chuckling satirically to the mangle.

"Pleeceman? Let's see wotesgointerdo. I'll 'ave 'is gizzard if 'e comes near me."

Immediately all my apprehensions return.

Now Mrs. Bletchley is a big woman (breadthways),

"Picking up the skirts of my dressing-gown, I flee coquettishly out of the kitchen"

In the face of this I have not the effrontery to press my claim.

"My mother's Mrs. James Allen," she observes.

I assure her how satisfactory this must be to all parties. She beams at me.

"'E was a fish salesman, respected wonderful, an' if 'e'd lived another month 'e'd 'ave bin a full colonel in the volunteers. Six 'orses to 'is funeral car, she 'ad 'ystirics, it was lovely, 'Is foot an' 'eadstone cost twenty pound, an' now she takes in lodgers."

This leaves me breathless.

"D'you know my 'usband?" she inquires.

"Er—which of 'em?" I venture to ask.

At this most interesting stage of the conversation and I am not a big man (in any way); I determine to try diplomacy. Approaching the mangle, I address her in sympathetic terms. I speak of the justice of her cause, of the illegality of my sister's proceeding in refusing her her money after her complete breakdown consequent upon overwork. I remind her of what is due to her lineage, touch upon the splendour of her father's obsequies and the dignity of her mother's fallen estate, concluding with a demonstration of the advisability of laying the whole of these facts before the policeman.

A change passes over the features of Mrs. Bletchley. She makes an unsuccessful attempt to rise from the mangle.

"Come an' let me kiss you!" she cries.

My fears are immediately transferred from my gizzard to another quarter. But I have a duty to perform.

"What," I exclaim coyly, "oh, what would your husbands say?"

Mrs. Bletchley's answer is to rise by a supreme effort from the mangle and make a dart at me.

Picking up the skirts of my dressing-gown, I flee coquettishly out of the kitchen. My adorer follows with outstretched arms. In this way we reach the area door, where I take refuge, with gizzard intact, behind the portly person of the scandalised Mrs. Pratt.

A policeman, helmet in hand, is standing by my sister in the area doorway.

"Now, then, missus," he observes good-humouredly, "wot d'yer want to cause all this trouble for?"

"Cons'ble!" cries Mrs. Bletchley, abandoning the chase, "I wan' my money!"

"Lady sez you can 'ave yer money," says the policeman, "if you come back when you're sober."

"Sober!" exclaims the astounded Mrs. Bletchley.

"You ain't sober," observes the policeman, with the confidence of an expert.

"I must be!" she declares. "Becos I 'aven't 'ad nothin.'"

"It was that cup o' tea that did it," says the policeman impassively.

Mrs. Bletchley evidently recognises that she has met her match.

"There's Mrs. Pratt," she cries, "sits under the table all day while I do the 'ard work."

This seems to make Mrs. Pratt very indignant.

"'Oo are you talkin' about?" she demands. "You don't know nothin' about my abilities!"

"I know you're a 'snake' in the grass," observes Mrs. Bletchley.

"Come on, missus," puts in the policeman. "I m a busy man."

"Cons'ble," inquires Mrs. Bletchley, feeling up her back for her bonnet, "d'you know my 'usband?"

The policeman places her bonnet on her head for her without much eye to effect.

"No, I don't know 'im," he responds stolidly.

"My second, I mean," explains the lady. "Fair, curly 'ead—on the vestry."

"Now you're ready missus," says the policeman, "we'll 'ave our walk out."

Mrs. Bletchley turns dramatically to my sister.

"Miss Allen—my maiden name—good-bye!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Bletchley," says my sister with dignity.

"And bless yer pretty face," adds Mrs. Bletchley over her shoulder, as the policeman leads her out into the area. "James Allen, my father's name, secret'ry——" but is interrupted by the policeman piloting her as gently as possible backwards up the steps. A conference succeeds at the top; at last the lady is induced to depart, the policeman remaining on guard by the railings, whither my sister ascends to give him sixpence for being "so gentle with the poor old wretch." I am aroused from amused reflections by the voice of Mrs. Pratt.

"The jealousy o' the woman!" she exclaims indignantly. "I've never 'ad a kerricter for sittin' under tables before."

Which leads me to beat a precipitate retreat to the bathroom.

And this is the last we ever hear of Mrs. Bletchley, save for a visit in the afternoon from a careworn boy, who informs us that his mother is ill, and wants money to buy medicine.

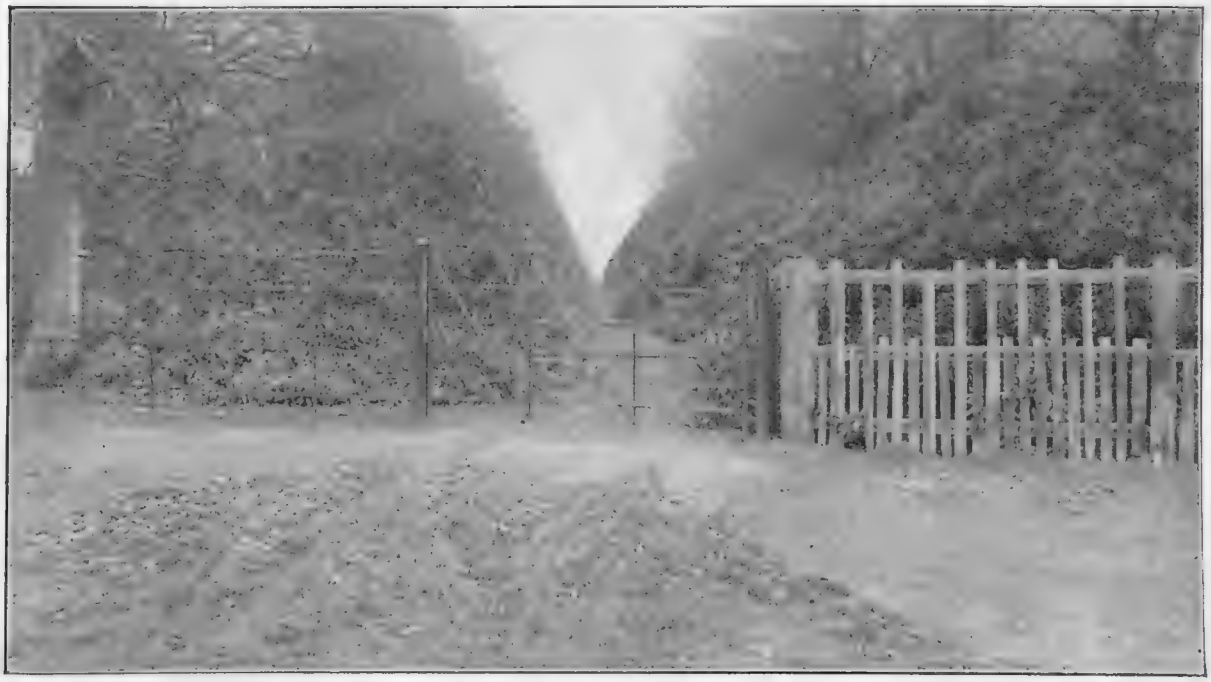


Photo by *Topical Press Agency*

Richmond Park Enclosure, to be Thrown Open to the Public by Order of the King

With a view to making the Park more accessible to the public, his Majesty has given directions that the preservation of game in the Park shall be discontinued, and that woods, hitherto inaccessible, shall be thrown open. It is hoped that these arrangements will come into vogue next August Bank Holiday

The Waterside

The best way in which to treat the margins of lakes and streams and to bring the charm of still or running water most beautifully into the garden picture has formed the subject of much pleasant and suggestive writing. Nowhere has the subject been treated with more sympathy and understanding than in Miss Gertrude Jekyll's "Wall and Water Gardens," a book which those who are fortunate enough to have opportunities of carrying its suggestions into effect can scarcely afford to be without. There is, however, an omission in that valuable work which I have always regretted. It would be well if, in a future edition, the author would devote a chapter to the subject of river-side gardens. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the gardens which line many miles of the river Thames, those of villas and bungalows, as well as of the numerous fine country houses that face the river highway, give pleasure to a larger number of people than any others to be found in England, not even excepting the public gardens at Kew and elsewhere. You may walk or drive for miles in a land of gardens without catching a glimpse of lawns or flowers from the high road; but a large part, if not the whole, of every riverside garden lies open to all beholders, and there is not a piece of pleasure-ground on the banks of the Thames that is not enjoyed or criticised a hundred times a day by those who pass it on the waterway.

Riverside Gardens

Now, the whole subject of riverside gardens lies outside the scope of Miss Jekyll's book, and there is not very much to say that does not concern itself with the all-important point of the treatment of the river-bank or actual water margin. But this is a point upon which a great deal might be written, and Miss Jekyll's views upon the subject would be more than welcome. With the following that she has, there is no doubt that her suggestions would be acted on in many instances, to the eventual improvement and beautifying of what is already the most beautiful water highway in the world. Just to touch for a moment on the main principles which should guide the laying-out of a riverside garden, it may be said that there is a double duty involved. It is a duty which comes into every well-ordered scheme taking into account the relations exisisting between a dwelling-place and its immediate surroundings, but is more than ever important in the case of a riverside house. The view *from* the house and the view *of* the house should both be considered. In the first place, the river must be made the most of in the pictures

Photo by] A Beautiful Thames-Side Garden, Showing the Boat-house at Abingdon Abbey [*Vasey*

Photo by *Vasey*

A Pretty Rustic Bridge in the Riverside Garden at Abingdon Abbey

framed by the windows of the house; and in the second, the house itself ought to be carefully considered as it will appear in its setting of verdure and colour from the river. Then the space between the house and the river must be left clear, with any planting of trees and shrubs that may be made on either side of it. This, for reasons which must count with most people, however inexperienced in garden design, is nearly always done, and the point need not be laboured. I think it is admissible, in the case of riverside gardens, to make more use of the now happily decaying system of "bedding out" than is the case elsewhere.

The River Margin

We come at last to the consideration of the actual river margin, and it is on this point that it would be a grateful task to elicit Miss Jekyll's views. It is obvious that, except on the upper reaches of the Thames, and on stretches of the river bank away from the flower garden, which will be immediately between the house and the river, it cannot be treated as an opportunity for the naturalisation of aquatic plants. Treatment that would be suitable for a quiet backwater or the margin of a still lake would be out of place as applied to a busy waterway. The line between land and water must be sharply defined, and I think the most successful of all Thames-side gardens, at any rate on its more frequented reaches, are those where masonry or brickwork have been wisely and decoratively applied. Riverside gardens provide perhaps the finest opportunity for garden architecture. In the case of the famous "Backs" at Cambridge a narrow, sluggish stream flowing through a flat country has been transformed throughout a mile of its course into the most beautiful river that can be seen anywhere, and it owes its character as much to the walls and terraces that line its banks, and the bridges that span it, as to its bordering trees and lawns.

Steps and Parapets

Any considerable river frontage, especially where the ground is level or sloping very gently, as is the case with most of the Thames side gardens, is best treated, as to its whole length, simply. A long parapet, for instance, with a terraced walk behind it, would only be suitable as taking the place of a very steeply shelving bank, and then it would be the best thing possible. As a finish to ground only a foot or two above the water, it would be out of keeping. But a parapeted space, perhaps a large square, raised above the general level and designed in connection with a boat house, or a stretch of stairway running right down into the water, might well find a place somewhere in the frontage, as it frequently does in the more elaborately finished gardens of the Thames villas. Decorated with flower-filled vases of stone or earthenware, such a resting place is most attractive, both to those who use it, and those who pass it on the river. And the steps which may be used to give access to the river will also provide opportunities for good design. For the rest, there could hardly be a better way of treating a long river front than is shown in our first photograph of the loose stone edging which divides the lawn from the river. The taller shrubs and plants that are perfectly at home in this picture would only be used where taller trees behind them permitted the idea of accessibility to lapse. As a division between the river and more open ground, they would be out of place, but the wall itself might well be covered with rock-loving plants used broadly, and no stretch of it, however long, would be monotonous. This photograph is worth studying, to find out in what the particularly happy and satisfying effects it portrays consist.

THE NEW MOTOR SERVICE STARTED BY THE G.W.R.

The Starting Point at Beaconsfield

The motor carries seventeen passengers, and is 24 h.-p. There are two routes from Slough to Beaconsfield, one *viâ* Salt Hill and Farnham Royal, the other *viâ* Stoke Pogis and Hedgerley. The fare for the first journey, 7½ miles, is 1*s.*, for the second, 8½ miles, 1*s.* 1*d.*

Dorney Bottom, a Picturesque Spot en route

The gradient is very steep, being no less than one in six. During the journey the motor passes through some of the most beautiful of our English scenery

Photos by] **The G.W.R. Motor Bus in Slough Station** [*Newman*

Motor services in connection with trains are gradually being adopted by all the great railway companies, and their enterprise, it is satisfactory to learn, is proving in every case a financial success, which shows the public appreciate their efforts

Money's worth for Money

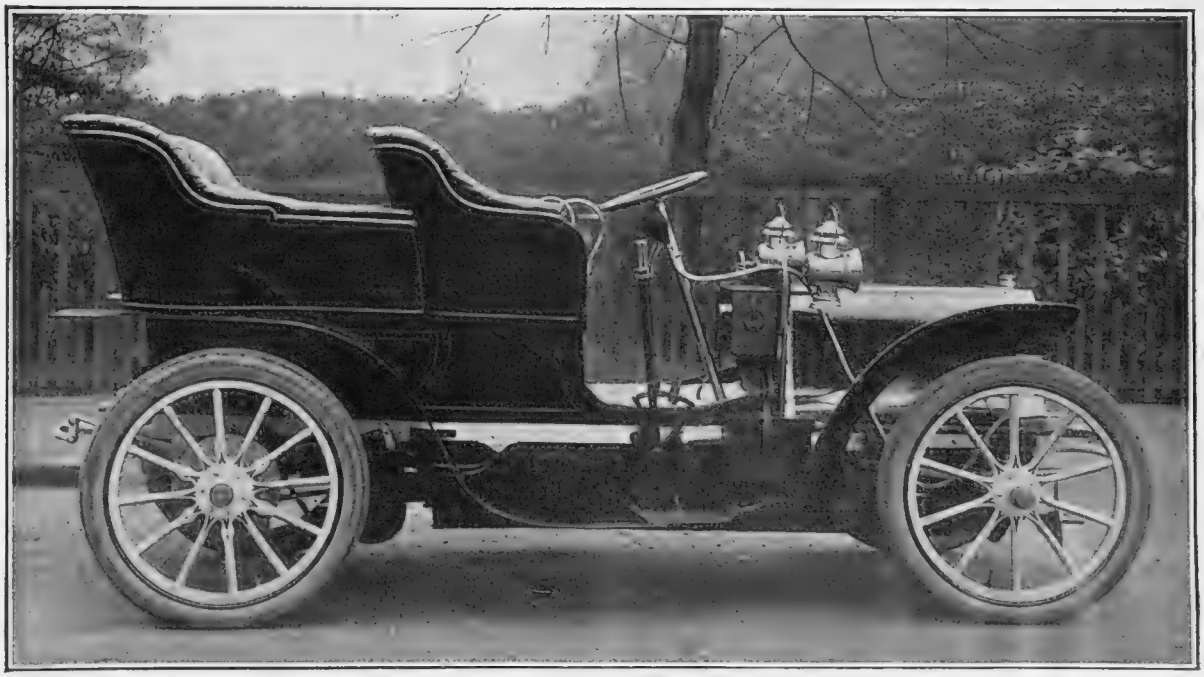
Readers of this journal, all the world knows, are composed of the artistic and the cultured, the soulful and the discriminating, and in their interests, and in those of the artless amateur generally, are these particular pages penned. It is of little use trying to delude these intelligent patrons of literature by pretending that they get twopennyworth for twopence in the matter of motor-cars by paying one hundred per centum extra for a self-propelled vehicle on the sole ground that it is "every ounce English." Money's worth for money is the sad and pitiful wail of the twentieth century. If we cannot obtain sensible British runabouts, we shall have to put up with the product of "The States" until a brighter day dawns, as we even now have to do in the matter of alarum clocks, mangles, and much other household impedimenta.

Runabouts

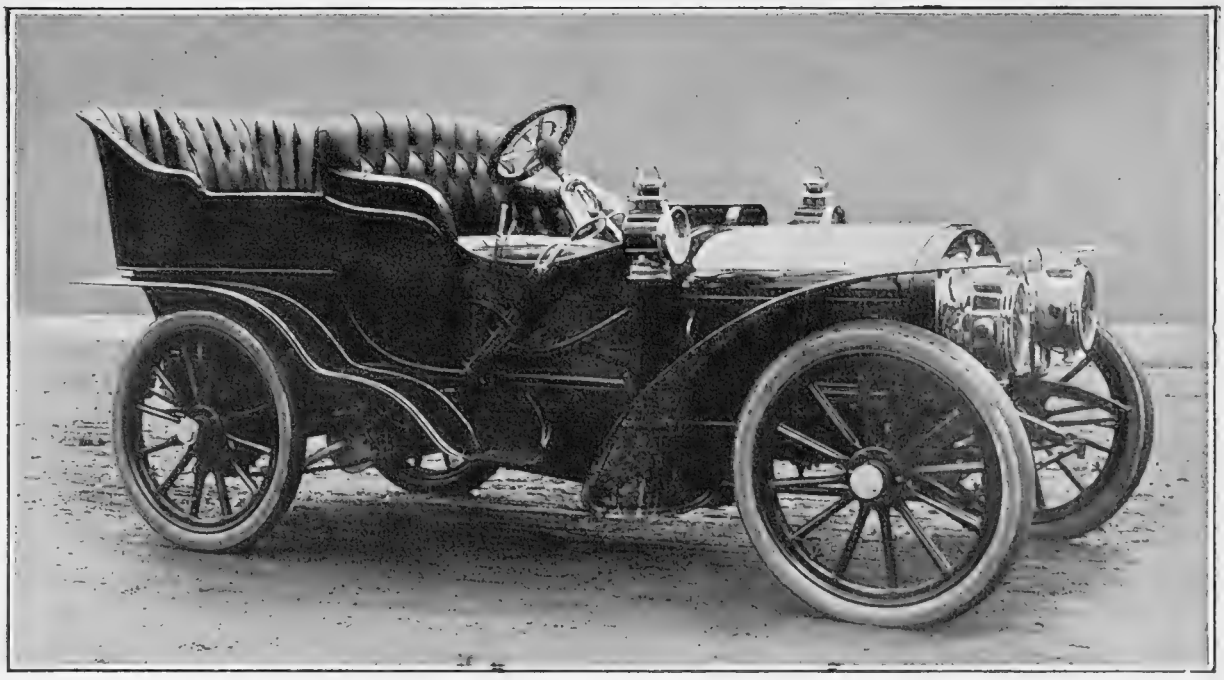
I would much like to know if the Americans are going to capture the whole of the trade in small cheap cars or not? It looks like it. We have long had the Oldsmobile, now more practical than ever, also the Cadillac, and now appears the Ford, like the others, with a horizontal engine, but of the double opposed or tandem type, in which, even according to the opinion of one of the great engineering trade journals, vibration is greatly reduced, being as it is, at right angles to the spring resistance of the coach work. I have myself been hammering away at this point for some considerable time, and it is soothing to have one's views thus amply confirmed. Do the Yankees alone know that the moderate man *must* have accessibility in his machinery, together with general simplicity, which he only gets to perfection in the horizontal type? Some may object that these are but runabouts! Just so—but they *run*, which many other small voiturettes do *not* for long. They run a man to the station, run his wife out shopping in the afternoon, bring him home in the afternoon, and take both her and himself fifty miles out on Saturday and Sunday. Not the car, perhaps, to make a non-stop, "mud-plugging" run to Inverness and back, but few really desiderate this. Besides which, they only cost from £150 to £200 after all.

Ford

Let us, then, speak of the latest, The Ford. Here we have, as aforesaid, an 8 h.-p. engine on truly common-sense lines placed in the centre of the car, the drive being taken by a single roller chain direct from the engine to the live axle,



Chenard and Walcker Car, Extremely Economical of Petrol



Siddeley Car, 18 h.-p. Manufactured by the Wolseley Company

and having the cam shaft actuating the valves running in oil, inside the crank case. The total weight is 10 cwt. It seems to be as well finished and also as strong as its congener, the Cadillac. There should be a good sale for this.

Chenard and Walcker

These French cars, which have made a considerable reputation for themselves of late on account of their extreme economy in fuel consumption, have some interesting points, the chief one being that the fact of their running so many miles—on occasion even fifty—on a gallon of petrol is attributable to their peculiar system of variable valve lift. In the great majority of engines having valves with variable lift, this is arrived at by altering the *distance* which the valve heads rise from their seating. In these cars it is otherwise, and by a very simple arrangement of sliding V-shaped cams on their shaft, the valves always open to the same height, but remain open for a shorter or longer *period*. This at first sight may seem to be a distinction without a difference, but in effect it means that by this method it is the *quantity*, and not the *richness* of mixture, which is drawn into the cylinder which is regulated, only the degree of compression and extent of expansion on explosion vary. The proof of this pudding, as of many others, is in the eating, and it is abundantly clear that these makers can get more horse-power per gallon of petrol than any others have so far been enabled to accomplish. Chenard and Walcker seem already to have a good many patrons in this country.

The Siddeley

These interesting vehicles are now manufactured by the Wolseley Company, and as they are to be turned out in large numbers at the new works at Crayford, we may take it that they have pretty well established their claim to permanent recognition. Having the Wolseley people as their sponsors, one would expect to hear something of the horizontal engine, and this is found on the 6 h.-p. light car, which is just a simple voiturette intended to carry two, but the body can be made either with a straight back for seats, or these may be arranged to be of the "bucket" type, or, as an alternative, they may be enclosed, and then the car appears as a landaulette. The 12 and 16-h.p. types are of the vertical order of two and four-cylinders respectively, costing £450 and £650. They should wear well, the normal rate of revolutions being about 850, capable of acceleration to 1,800 per minute. The cars are extremely strong, and should be very serviceable, and so thinks the white-eyed musical Kaffir, Mr. G. H. Chirgwin, who has ordered one of the larger type, with a covered in top, and we hope that he will always (and there seems no valid reason why he should not) find it correspond generally to his amusing and amiable temperament.

Motor Union

This society is getting on, and now numbers twenty-five affiliated clubs and 5,136 members. Its chief use is that it offers a line of solid resistance to the cranks and faddists (many of them in high and responsible positions) who, were it not for a good backing, might, and probably would, ride roughshod over some of us. Membership is only a guinea, and it has a sound financial position, in which income exceeds expenditure. Everyone should join it who owns a motor-car, especially as it offers the only refuge against meddlesome municipalities, who from time to time propose to limit motor-cars to five miles per hour in their sacred precincts, close certain roads to automobiles which they leave open to traction engines, and perform other feats of inconsequential foolishness so dear to elected persons.

C. G. Matson.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Golfer's Text Book

Great players, like Mr. Horace Hutchinson, charming writers, if dilettante golfers, like Mr. Andrew Lang, and gifted enthusiasts, like the Prime Minister, have all had their say on the various aspects, practical, literary, and social, of the great game. It has been reserved, however, for a reformed cricketer, the well-known Middlesex player, Mr. G. W. Beldam, to produce a book which, if I may say so without irreverence, may fairly claim to rank as the golfer's bible, with a text ready to the hand of all players seeking knowledge of the game, correction of faults, or comfort in those periods of distressing bad play which we all go through sooner or later. For here we have, in Mr. Beldam's splendid book, "Great Golfers," a photographic analysis of the methods of the great professional quartette, Vardon, Taylor, Braid and Herd, and of nearly all the most eminent amateurs, in every variety of attitude and stroke, while the ladies are not forgotten and have instruction provided for them in a series of plates showing the manner of play of the present lady champion, Miss Rhona Adair. Mr. Beldam is an expert photographer, and the photographs were taken by him at 1-750th and 1-1000th part of a second, each photograph representing not a pose but an actual stroke or part of a stroke.

Mr. Beldam's Ingenious Device for Showing the Player's Stance

For the purposes of these photographs and for the benefit of those seeking instruction Mr. Beldam devised an ingenious system, consisting of a four-foot square divided into smaller squares of six inches, and on this square thus marked out in white on the grass, the various players stood and played their shots, while Mr. Beldam immortalised them with his camera. Anyone in possession of Mr. Beldam's book, and of a mat, such as Messrs. Cann and Taylor are advertising for sale, made on the above principle, can satisfy himself, by personal experiment, of the exact stance adopted by any of the leading players for any particular shot.

Some of the "Great Golfers" Whose Methods are Shown in Mr. Beldam's Book

STANDING: B. Darwin, J. A. T. Bramston, H. C. Ellis, Hon. O. Scott, S. H. Fry, G. F. Smith
SITTING: Horace G. Hutchinson, J. Ball, jun., H. H. Hilton, H. Hutchings

A Group of "Great Golfers" from Scotland

STANDING.—J. Robb, F. Mackenzie, J. R. Gairdner, C. E. Deck, J. Graham, E. Blackwell
SITTING.—R. Maxwell, L. Balfour Melville, S. Mure Fergusson, J. E. Laidley

The labour, patience, and knowledge which have gone to the making of this admirable book must have been immense. I well remember seeing this square marked out on a retired spot of the Muirfield Course during last year's Amateur Championship, and wondering what the strange device might portend. Mr. Beldam is to be heartily congratulated on the successful results of his labours, and deserves the thanks of all golfers for having added a most valuable book to their libraries, a book which will enable their descendants to see how their ancestors played golf at the commencement of the twentieth century. What would one not give for a similar book illustrating the methods of Alan Robertson, young Tommie Morris, the Parks, and other famous players of the old school, so that, book in hand, we could compare past and present methods, and note the difference which advancing years and increased practice have introduced into the game, and the way to play it? Alas! there was no enthusiast such as Mr. Beldam in those days, nor was photography in a sufficient state of efficiency to have assisted him had such an individual existed.

Instruction by Photography

The thoroughness with which Mr. Beldam has conducted his photographic campaign may be judged by the fact that thirty-three photographs are devoted to illustrating Vardon's methods, and thirty-five to Taylor's, while Braid, Herd, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Ball have each some nineteen photographs allotted to them. Mr. Beldam, in addition to his photographs, supplies some excellent chapters on "Instantaneous Photography in Golf," on "Cricket and Golf," containing some admirable hints for the special behoof of cricketers wishing to learn golf, and on "Instruction by Illustration," and a perusal of these various chapters will enable the reader thoroughly to comprehend the system on which the book has been constructed, and to derive all the benefits which Mr. Beldam desires to confer on the student of the game.

Explanatory Notes on the Professionals By Themselves, and On the Amateurs By Mr. Hilton

The plates representing the professionals have their value considerably increased by the notes supplied by the players themselves in explanation of the various strokes. The same task has been admirably performed for the amateurs by Mr. Hilton, whose knowledge of the game is only equalled by his precision in playing it, and the same able pen has indited an excellent chapter on putting, in explanation of a series of photographs showing the leading amateurs in the various wonderful attitudes assumed by them for this baffling but valuable part of the game, one player, Mr. Darwin, occupying, like a Colossus of Rhodes, nearly all the available space on the square. Finally, Mr. Hilton sums matters up in a series of pregnant observations, entitled "Theory

and Essentials," from which golfers may cull many excellent bits of advice, though they may differ as to the correctness of the dictum that one of the essentials of the game is to keep the right elbow well into the side. This may be all very well for Taylor, as shown in plate 19 of his series, and for Mr. Hilton, the top of whose swing shows a marked similarity to Taylor's, but it is not borne out by Vardon, Herd, or John Ball. Undoubtedly the saying is true if applied to the short game. I call attention to this point, as I notice that Mr. Beldam, in his advice to cricketers, says, "Don't, in swinging back, take the club-head so far out that the right elbow has to leave the side." Visions of players of the trussed fowl order rise before me, and it is perhaps a necessary caution to impress on the aspiring cricketer that Mr. Beldam's advice is evidently intended to apply to the half-swing style which seems to suit most cricketers best. Heaven help him, however, if he try to manage a full swing with his right elbow glued to his side. From this point of view, it might perhaps be possible for Mr. Beldam, in succeeding editions of his book (for I have no hesitation in prophesying many editions), to add some more photographs taken from the player's back view, such as plate No. 1 of Vardon; the reverse side would impart a great deal of instruction, as showing the position of the arms, elbows, and wrists when seen from behind the player. An interesting point comes out, on which I have always strongly insisted when instructing a beginner, that the main power of the grip resides in the crook of the two forefingers. It is amazing what an amount of extra power can be got in driving out of these two fingers.

The Interlocked Grip

Students of the interlocked grip can now fully analyse the various examples shown them by Vardon, Taylor, Braid, and Mr. Maxwell. This grip seems to demand enormously strong thumbs and little fingers to stand the strain thrown upon them, and I have great doubts whether the prevailing craze initiated by players whom that peculiar grip suits will last, and whether players will not rather revert to the saner methods of the old players who never tied their hands into a concentrated knot, which must of necessity preclude them from many niceties of the stroke involving the greater use of one of the hands than of the other. Mr. Beldam's book is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., is beautifully got up, and is eminently one which no golfer's library should be without.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

ROYAL PORTRUSH LADIES' GOLF CLUB EASTER MEETING

The Scratch Cup

The Royal Portrush Ladies' Golf Club is known throughout the United Kingdom as one of the most important of ladies' clubs; therefore the quarterly meetings are of special interest and attract a good deal of attention. The Easter Meeting is always one of the largest in the year, and this year proved no exception to the rule, as besides all the ordinary competitors, there was a large number of strangers who took part in the events. The chief feature of the meeting was the competition for the Scratch Cup, kindly presented by Mr. G. S. Clark. It was the first time it had been competed for, and fourteen competitors entered their names on the list. Miss Rhona Adair was, unfortunately, unable to be present, as she is staying with friends in England, but Miss M. E. Stuart competed. The conditions were that the four competitors returning the lowest gross scores in the medal round in the morning should play off by eighteen-hole heats in the afternoon. By this means the winner's skill would be tested, both in match and medal play. Great struggles were made to attain the first four places, and eventually Miss May Hezlet, Miss V. Hezlet, Miss Pim, and Mrs. Cuming were left to fight it out. In the final, Miss May Hezlet gained the match by six up and five to play, and so is the first player to have the honour of holding the Cup.

Mixed Foursomes

Mixed foursomes are always a popular form of competition, and on Wednesday thirty-eight couples entered. The pleasure of the day was greatly enhanced by the Council kindly granting permission for the event to take place on the men's course. The final round resulted in an excellent match, Miss May Hezlet and Mr. T. A. K. Stuart were conceding three strokes to Miss Tynte and Mr. G. B. Long, and after a close struggle finally proved the winners by three up and one to play.

The Collin Silver Cup

On Monday the beautiful silver cup, known as the Collin Cup, was competed for, which was kindly given two or three years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Ewing. Thirty-eight competitors entered, and the finalists proved to be visitors, namely, Miss Dickson, of the Lisfannon Club, and Miss M. Gray, of Greenisland. Both played excellent golf throughout the day; the latter received ten strokes on the eighteen holes, and proved invincible, as she won by three up and ten to play. Miss Gray is quite a young player, but drives a long ball, and during the last few months has made considerable progress in the science of the game. On Tuesday ladies' foursomes were played, for which event nineteen couples entered. Eventually the final round lay between Mrs. Cuming and Miss Knox, and Mrs. Hezlet and Miss T. Hezlet, and after a good match the former pair were victorious by one up. On Thursday the majority of golfers at Portrush drove over to the little links at Portstewart for an open mixed foursome competition. The day is generally an amusing one, rather like a picnic. The course is only nine holes but most sporting. The hazards are chiefly rocks, which form a terrifying object to those who cannot keep on the line. After some close and excellent matches, Mrs. Hezlet and Mr. G. B. Long were victorious, defeating Miss D. Griffiths and Mr. H. E. Reade in the final round by one up.

Result of Our Second Fortnightly Competition

The First Prize of **£3 3 0** in our Second Fortnightly Competition, has been awarded to J. Y. EDMONDS, Esq., 3, Hare Court, The Temple.

For the Second Prize, three competitors tied; therefore, the Third Prize has been added to it, and a prize of **£1 1 0** each has been awarded to

Mrs. Alice M. Hely-Hutchinson, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot

G. H. Savage, Esq., Lorne House, Bognor, Sussex.

G. L. Corbett, Esq., Hertford College, Oxford.

SOLUTION OF OUR SECOND *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ K	♦ 3	♦ 9	♦ 2
2	♡ 7	♡ A	♡ 3	♡ 2
3	♣ 4	♣ 2	♣ 3	♣ Q
4	♣ 6	♣ A	♣ 7	♣ K
5	♠ 3	♣ 10	♣ J	♦ 6
6	♦ 7	♦ 4	♦ J	♦ 8
7	♡ 9	♡ Q	♡ K	♡ 6
8	♡ J	♦ 5	♡ 4	♡ 8
9	♦ A	♦ 10	♡ 5	♠ 4
10	♦ Q	♠ 2	♣ 8	♡ 10
11		♠ A		
12		♣ 9		
13		♣ 5		

Result

Y Z win 7 tricks.

A B win 6 tricks.

At trick 2 Y can make the odd trick by two other leads. He may lead a spade and make four diamonds, two spades, and a club. Or he may lead the seven of diamonds and return the King of Spades from Z's hand, making four diamonds, one spade, one heart, and a club. Whenever A gets in, he must at once clear his club suit or he will lose two by tricks.

The Solutions of the following deserve Honourable Mention:

J. L. Peach, Esq., Appleton-le-Street, Malton.

Miss T. W. Powell, Leigh, Worcester.

Inspector-General Hadlow, Winton, St. Edward's Road, Southsea.

H. P. Darling, Esq., East Riding Club, Hull.

J. A. Williams, Esq., M.B., Laurel Lawn, Halesowen.

J. N. Leask, Esq., H.M.S. *Jackal.*

Elmer J. Leverson, Esq., 48, Hamilton Terrace, London.

Lieut. G. H. Cockey, H.M.S. *Iris.*

Mrs. Revington, Central Asylum, Dundrum, County Dublin.

Cecil R. Broad, Esq., Penaverne, Falmouth.

T. I. Considine, Esq., Central Asylum, Dundrum, County Dublin.

Owing to pressure on our space last week, we were unable to publish the solution to our First Fortnightly Competition, here appended:

SOLUTION OF OUR FIRST *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION.

(Names of Winners were published last week.)

A deals and declares No-Trumps.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ 3	♦ 5	♦ A	♦ K
2	♡ Q	♡ 3	♡ 5	♡ 10
3	♦ 4	♦ 8	♠ 6	♦ 2
4	♡ 7	♡ 4	♡ K	♡ 2
5	♠ 3	♠ 4	♠ 7	♠ A
6	♣ 10	♣ 4	♣ 5	♣ A
7	♡ 9	♣ 8	♡ A	♡ J
8	♦ 6	♦ 10	♣ K	♣ 2
9	♦ 7	♠ 5	♣ J	♣ Q
10	♠ J	♠ 9	♡ 6	♡ 8
11	♠ K	♠ 10	♠ 8	♠ 2
12		♦ Q		
13		♠ Q		

Result

A B win 7 tricks.

Y Z win 6 tricks.

We may very well remind our readers that there is still time to compete in our Third Fortnightly Competition, of which we published the problem hand in our last issue.

With regard to these competitions, people are always telling me that though they work out the hands with a good deal of interest, they do not trouble to send in solutions because there are generally two or three, which seem equally good to them, of each hand. Of course, if they work out the play of the hands, they have obtained the chief benefit from the competition, that is, the improvement of their play. But they may as well send in their solutions, and try for a prize. It is rarely that anyone gets full marks; and in addition to marks for the actual play, care, clearness, and neatness also count.

Women and Leads

I am always meeting women who play an excellent, some of them a brilliant, game; and yet, more than once, I have been surprised to observe that for all their brilliance and the skill with which as dealers they will play the two hands, they do not know the leads. Only a few days ago I had as my partner one who played an excellent game, and she led the 2 from the short suit of 10, 6, 2. Here is a very simple code of leads, and as full as needs be:

THE LEADS.

Under a Trump Declaration.

Lead *Ace* from (1) five or more without the King.
,, ,, ,, (2) any number in suit without another honour.
,, ,, ,, (3) Ace, Queen, Knave to any number.
,, ,, ,, (4) Ace, King only.

Lead *King* whenever you also hold Ace or Queen to any number.

Lead *Queen* from (1) Queen, Knave, 10, etc.
,, ,, ,, (2) Queen, Knave, 9, etc.
,, ,, ,, (3) As highest of short suit—*e.g.* Queen, 10, 2. Queen, 2.

Lead *Knave* from (1) Knave, 10, 9, etc.
,, ,, ,, (2) As highest of intermediate sequence—*e.g.* from Ace, Knave, 10, or King, Knave, 10, with or without others.
,, ,, ,, (3) As highest of short suit—*e.g.* Knave, 7, 6. Knave, 6.

Lead *Ten* (1) As highest of intermediate sequence, *e.g.*, from Ace, 10, 9, 8; King, 10, 9, 8; Queen, 10, 9, 8.
(2) As highest of short suit, *e.g.*, 10. 7, 6; 10, 6.

Lead *Fourth Best* from all other combinations.

Lead *Highest* from short suit.

Do *not* lead a *singleton* unless you hold *three or more trumps.*

Under a No-Trump Declaration.

Lead *Ace* from eight, but only if you have a card of re-entry.

Lead *King* from (1) King, Queen, Knave, to any number.
,, ,, ,, (2) King, Queen, 10, to any number.
,, ,, ,, (3) Ace, King, Knave, to four.
,, ,, ,, (4) Ace, King, Knave, to five or more, *if you have a card of re-entry.*
,, ,, ,, (5) Ace, King to seven or more.
,, ,, ,, (6) King, Queen to seven or more.

Lead *Queen* from (1) Ace, Queen, Knave to any number.
,, ,, ,, (2) Queen, Knave, 10 to any number.
,, ,, ,, (3) Queen, Knave, 9 to any number.

Lead *Knave* from (1) Ace, King, Knave, 10 to five or six, *if you have no card of re-entry.*
,, ,, ,, (2) Knave, 10, 9 to any number.
,, ,, ,, (2) As Highest of intermediate sequence, *e. g.* from Ace, Knave, 10, King, Knave, 10.

Lead *Ten* from (1) Ace, King, 10, 9 to less than seven.
,, ,, ,, (2) As highest of intermediate sequence, *e. g* from Ace, 10, 9, 8. King, 10, 9, 8. Queen, 10, 9, 8.

Lead *Fourth Best* from all other combinations.

Lead your *Highest Heart* and go on leading them from the highest downward, when you are leader and your partner has *doubled* No-Trumps. But first lead out any Aces, or Ace, Kings you may hold.

This is the simplest code of leads I know. But some of the chief writers on the game have the leads more elaborated. For example, "Badsworth" says that you should lead the knave from king, queen, knave to five that your partner may put the ace on it if he holds it, and know that you hold five in the suit. Also, he says that from king, knave, 10, you should lead the 10, and from king, knave, 10, 9, the fourth best. He gives very good reasons for these leads; but to my mind they are not so good as to justify this further elaboration of the game. I observe that the majority of players find it hard enough to keep in their minds the simple code I have given above, and I am anxious and eager that my partners should not have their minds congested with any more.

With regard to the lead of a singleton, my experience is that disaster generally follows when the player who leads one, only holds two little trumps. In the first place, the objection applies to it which applies so strongly to the highest of shortest suit convention when no-trumps are doubled—namely, that only once in four times is the leader's weakest suit his partner's strongest. If it is not his strongest, he often loses a useful card which might have prevented his adversaries immediately establishing the suit, the dealer gets in, clears out trumps, and the leader of the singleton gets no ruff. If it is his partner's strongest suit, it hardly needs ruffing. If the singleton is a high supporting card, however, it is less dangerous. A good deal more judgment is needed in leading singletons than is generally shown.

A correspondent asks me how I mark at three-handed Bridge. I mark thus:

	X	Y	Z
Honours	6	6	
	10	50	
	50	30	18
	24	8	8
	32		
Tricks		60	
			6

I propose, in an early issue, to describe the different ways in which three players can play Bridge.

I have had sent me a useful Bridge Marker, called "Warrington's Durable Bridge Marker." It is useful to have by one for the not rare occasions when one's ordinary scoring-blocks run out; for it is made of a substance from which you can wipe out the scores, and write on it again. It has, however, the disadvantage that the word "Tricks" is inconveniently placed, and interferes with the addition of the scores.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.V.L.—Thank you very much for the information.

C.S.W.R.—The difficulty is the same for all.

P.B.—I give you the information.

B.D.—I understand your difficulty, but the next paragraph makes it clear.

The Play in London

"The Sword of the King" at Wyndham's

I do not know whether Mr. Ronald Macdonald is a young man, but I should judge this to be the case after seeing *The Sword of the King*. It is a very naïve piece of work—a sort of crude melodrama, written in the best Wardour Street English, and though the idea is not bad, and the setting is picturesque, I tremble for its future in London. It exists as a play, I should imagine, mainly to give Miss Ida Molesworth an opportunity of swaggering round in doublet and hose, but it requires a greater actress than Miss Molesworth to make the thing live. Quite a company of clever actors try to galvanise it into life, but their efforts are thrown away.

It is one of those plays which delight the pit and gallery, because the characters in it are continually offering up remarks which can be taken not quite as the author intended, and once an audience sees that a play is full of unconscious humour, it is cruelly quick in laughing at the wrong moments. I remember once a sorry production which was unwinding its dull acts before a bored house, when, in an unfortunate moment, one character was moved to ask another if there were any horses to be had for some expedition, "We have no horses, sir," was the reply, "but we have plenty of asses." "And don't we know it," came in full force from the back of the house. That play never had a chance afterwards. The audience thenceforward chose to consider it humorous. Perhaps the quaintest intervention of this nature happened many years ago, when, on another first night, a play was dragging into the next morning At midnight or thereabouts, after a multitude of interminable harangues, one of the characters had just embarked on another speech, when a very plaintive, deprecatory voice in the pit interrupted him with, "I beg your pardon, sir, but shall you be long?"

"Sunday" at the Comedy Theatre

Everyone will be glad that Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson have established a success at the Comedy with *Sunday*, even though the play is not a masterpiece. The thing is really a well-cooked theatrical pudding, quite palatable, made according to the well-known cookery book rules. Take two ounces of Bret Harte, three ounces of high society, four ounces of stage flour, season with conventional pathos and humour assorted, and add water till of the required consistency. Charmingly produced, which means served hot, and very adequately acted, the result is quite eatable. Your actor-made play always has good situations and dramatic effects. It is often a better play *qua* play than a work by Mr. Barrie, but it lacks every spark of that original observation and intuition into the springs of character which is always so delightful.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Colonel Brinthorpe	*Sunday*	*Jacky*	*Towzer*	*Davy*	*Lively*
Mr. Fred Terry	Miss Julia Neilson	Mr. Alfred Hendrick	Mr. Louis Calvert	Mr. Alfred Brydone	Mr. Horace Hodges

The Last Scene of "Sunday," a Pretty Play at the Comedy

Sunday has said "Good night" to the boys, and is just about to say "Good-bye" to Colonel Brinthorpe. He takes her in his arms, and the curtain falls

THE RUGBY COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL: KENT v. DURHAM

Special to *"The Bystander"*

Durham Makes a Fine Forward Rush, which Results in an Unconverted Try

The Durham forwards were in particularly good trim, and, up to within twelve minutes of the finish of the game, had made the only points scored

Special to *"The Bystander"*

A Line Out

In spite of Durham's activity, the Kent backs made a fine movement in the closing stages of the game, and scored a goal. Kent eventually won the match by 8 points to 6, and once more brought the Championship to the South. 10,000 people witnessed a splendid game

THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES

Mr. Justice Grantham Again Officiates as Judge

Returning from these races, Mr. Justice Grantham was hustled in Baker Street Station, and had the misfortune to lose twenty pounds in notes and gold, which some cynical pickpocket had the impudence to abstract from the judge's pocket! Mr. Justice Grantham lives in hopes of renewing his acquaintance with the gentleman—from the Bench

A Snapshot of Mr. Justice Bucknill (the figure on the right)

Speaking at the London Devonian Athletic Club's dinner at the Criterion last week, Mr. Justice Bucknill made merry at the expense of Mr. Justice Grantham. Said the speaker, "There was nothing my brother Grantham liked better than to stand at Rickmansworth and think he could judge horse races and protect his purse when it was in his trousers pocket"

Mr. W. F. Phillpots on "Caromboo"

"Cromaboo" looked like a winner in the Bar Heavy Weight race. Unfortunately, rider and horse fell, and, though Mr. Phillpots pluckily mounted again, he could only succeed in gaining third place

The Late Sir J. Blundell Maple's Training Stables, at Newmarket

Last week a great sale of the late Baronet's horses took place at Newmarket, and the thirty-six lots sold realised 31,803 guineas. The highest price realised was for Queen's Holiday, a bay filly by Royal Hampton, which fetched 4,600 guineas; Newsboy, a brown gelding by Common, fetched 3,500 guineas. In this photograph the late Sir J. Blundell Maple appears on the extreme right

ENFIELD CHASE AND STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT RACES

At the Third Fence: Light-weight Challenge Cup

At the Last Fence: Mr. O. Dixon's "Master Royston," Owner up, Winner of the Open Point-to-Point Steeplechase

At the Winning Post. The Crowd, Among which are Many Well-known Figures on the Stock Exchange

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

A QUARREL WITH RECENT NOVELS

Living somewhere in an outlying village in Westmoreland, there is a man who still denies that the novel is the highest and most serious form of literature. To him I address my remarks. The only thing which I wish at the moment to point out to him is that the habit of novel reading is, in all probability, the thing which really separates us from the brutes. People used to try and make out that we were separated from the brutes by the fact that we possessed reason; but this evidently will not do. If reason be held to mean, as I suppose it is, a clear and unimpeachable continuity of thought between method and object, between principle and practice; the brutes are certainly much more reasonable than we; they could not well be less reasonable. Imagine a cow in a field and the boy that is looking after him. It is surely almost certain that the cow will be the better rationalist of the two. The cow will have one beautiful and philosophical object before him—eating, and he will entertain that aspiration with pleasure because he will know that he is able to fulfil it. But the boy will entertain all sorts of aspirations which it is obvious that he cannot fulfil; there will float before him visions; the vision of the blacked eye of some much larger boy; of the triumphant repartee directed towards the country magistrate, of success as a dandy, as a lover, or possibly as a prize fighter, perhaps even some vision of adventure on the high seas, perhaps even some mental picture of the parson carried off by the devil. Now, of course, it is possible that the cow may have similar dreams. The cow may excel in love or repartee; the cow may imagine some bovine clergyman carried off by some bovine devil, a devil in whom the horns and tail must lose something of their immediate horror. But we do not know anything about this, because there are no cow novels and no cow free libraries. As far as we are concerned, the novel is the most human thing. It may be urged that cows do not write books of theology, or philosophy, or science. This, I admit; but I do not think that writing such books is so essentially uncowish an act. Because philosophy and science tend to reduce things to order, they tend to make a man's life more clear and consistent to him; they tend to make him incline more to the certain and the orderly, tend to make him incline more to achieve the things which he has intended, and also incline to intend more the things that he can achieve. They make a man's life more rhythmic, more recurrent, more consistent, more philosophical. That is to say they make a man's life much more like a cow's.

The real name of fiction, whether for cow or man, is freedom. If the cow found herself in a great romance she would presumably fight like a bull. We have the best legendary warrant for supposing her capable of a supernatural exhilaration, an aspiration to scale Heaven. For in an ancient epic, the words of which escape me, she is distinctly described under the influence of a general stampede of matter, as "jumping over the moon." This is the bovine fairy-tale. For what the bovine religious epic can be, I can only refer you to the book either of Daniel or Ezekiel, in which the vision of the prophet embodies the splendid monstrosity of an ox with wings.

Let us, however, leave the comparatively unfamiliar ground of the favourite fiction of cows. Let us return to the general proposition that fiction is, so far as we know, a note of humanity. Science gives us a knowledge of what will happen. Romance gives us something far more precious and necessary to us; romance gives us an ignorance of what will happen. We value a story for the same reason that we value our own lives; because one never knows any more than Mr. Micawber what may turn up. A cow can, for all I know or care, see all its grass-eating days peaceably before it; but a man has a starry blindness which is more splendid than sight. Whatever else a man's life is, it is at any rate a story, generally a short story. I believe that a great many people refrain from taking laudanum for the same reason that they stuff an unfinished novelette into their great-coat pocket. It is a matter not to be spoken of except doubtfully and very reverently; but I seriously fancy that there are men and women moving in the world apparently animated and human who have outlived all things except curiosity. I do not admire them or congratulate them; but they are more amusing than cows.

That is what is the matter with such a number of clever novels which I am reading just now. The novelists who write them are so steeped in all this silly science that they cannot help regarding all their characters as insects; they look at them all through a microscope, or, what is much wickeder and uglier, a single eye-glass. They know all about them before they begin; they do not share anything of the adventurous pleasure of their readers. They try to describe young people; but their young people all begin at eighty-five. They do not make life merely tragic, which it very often is; they make it unpromising, which it scarcely ever is. Life was tragic to Romeo and Juliet, but even when it was tragic it was young. I am not now disputing with the pessimists, whom I will confine myself to referring to parenthetically as duffers. Life, let us admit for a moment, may be a dark and dismal story; but it is a dark and dismal story, not a dark and dismal map. There is at the worst something storyish about it; we do not ever see it from beginning to end in a hopeless entirety. And even this faint stir of story which they would admit, the clever and dismal novelist fails to give us. It is not so much a question of whether man fails, as of whether he has any purpose, or even any desire to

succeed. Grant that life is a snare; this life is not attractive enough to snare anyone. Grant that man cometh up as a flower and is cut down, as the noble words of the Burial Service express it; but the hero of the realistic novel, when he comes up, is by no means like a flower.

I read a novel yesterday, or as much of it as I could stand, which answers perfectly to the above description. I will not name it because I freely admit that it was quite well written and if I mentioned it, you (with your morbid unhealthy mind) would go and read it. But I will merely say this that it was all about the emotions of young people, that the hero had never been young, that the heroine had never been young, and that the author had never been young. He never will be young until he is born again, when he will be a little child, and will probably be sent to a reformatory.

THE MENU

Some Dainty Puddings

A good cook should have no weak points as regards simple everyday dishes, and when she has failures, in all probability, either carelessness or bad training is alone answerable. To-day I propose to give a few recipes of some simply made and inexpensive entremêts, knowing how glad the mistress of a household is to have some variety in the list of puddings.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING

Take a teacupful of self-raising flour, add to it a pinch of salt, and 2oz. of very finely minced beef suet; add also a teacupful of strawberry jam, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a smaller teacupful of milk, and ½oz. of finely chopped candied peel. Mix very thoroughly, and finally add the whites of two eggs, whisked to a firm froth. Fill a well-buttered mould with the mixture, and steam for two hours and a half; serve with jam sauce poured over and around. For the sauce take half a cupful of jam, and add to it a tablespoonful of cooking brandy and two tablespoonfuls of water; place in a small stewpan and bring to the boil; then rub through a heated gravy strainer over the pudding. Note.—This sweet may be made with either apricot, greengage, raspberry, or black currant jam, and will be found equally good.

LEMON PUDDING

Take 6oz. of fresh breadcrumbs, and mix them with 2oz. of self-raising flour, 2oz. sifted sugar, 2oz. butter, 2oz. finely chopped candied peel and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix thoroughly, and then add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, the juice of a lemon, first freed from pips, and a gill and a half of milk. Mix again, and finally add the whites of three eggs, whisked to a firm froth, fill a fancy mould and steam for two hours; serve with a sweet lemon sauce, made by adding lemon juice and sugar to a half pint of white sauce.

CRÈME AU CHOCOLAT

Take two ounces of vanilla chocolate, grate it finely, and mix it to a smooth cream with a little boiling milk; add to it a heaped tablespoonful of sifted sugar, and stir until the latter is dissolved; add also a few drops of essence of vanilla. Next add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, and, by degrees, a pint of boiling milk; stir all the while one way whilst adding the milk; finally add the whites of four eggs whisked to a firm froth, pour into a slightly-greased mould; tie down tightly with buttered paper, and bake in a moderately quick oven for from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Turn out carefully, pour a cream sauce over and around, and serve at once. The cream sauce may be made thus: Bring the contents of a fivepenny jar of cream to boiling point; if it seems at all thin, thicken it by means of a little arrowroot; add sugar to taste, and a few drops of vanilla essence, and use as directed above. If the cream is what is known as "double," the arrowroot may be omitted, and only the sugar and flavouring used.

GABRIELLE'S PUDDING OR SWEET CASSEROLE OF RICE

Wash half-a-pound of the best Carolina rice, drain it on a hair sieve, put it into a very clean stewpan or saucepan and pour on it a quart of cold new milk, stir them well together, and place them near the fire that the rice may swell very gradually: then let it simmer as gently as possible for about half an hour, or until it begins to be quite tender; mix with it then, 2oz. of fresh butter and 2½oz. of pounded sugar, and let it continue to simmer softly until it is dry and sufficiently tender to be easily crushed to a smooth paste with a strong wooden spoon (unless the rice be boiled slowly and very dry, it will not answer for the casserole). Work it to this point, and let it cool. Before it is taken from the fire scrape into it the outside of some sugar which has been rubbed upon the rind of a fresh lemon. Have ready a tin mould, well butter it in every part, press the rice into it while it is still warm, smooth the surface and let it remain until cold. Should the mould be a plain common one, dip it into hot water to loosen it, turn out the rice and then again reverse it on to a tin or dish, and with the point of a knife mark round the top a rim of about an inch wide; then brush some clarified butter over the whole pudding and set it into a brisk oven. When it is of an equal light golden colour draw it out, raise the cover carefully where it is marked, scoop out the rice from the inside, leaving only a crust of about an inch thick in every part, and pour into it some preserved fruit, warmed in its own syrup, or fill it with a compôte of any kind of fruit, or with some apples boiled with sugar to a smooth, rich marmalade. This is a very good dish. It may be enriched with more butter, and by substituting cream for the milk, partly or entirely, but is excellent as given in the recipe.

EMILIA.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"A Ladder of Tears." By G. Colmore. 6*s*. (Constable.)

"The Awakening of Mrs. Carstairs." By Olivia Roy. (Simpkin Marshall.)

"A Race with Ruin." By Headon Hill. 6*s*. (Ward Lock.)

"By Snare of Love." By Arthur W. Marchmont. 6*s*. (Ward Lock.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Story of Russia." By W. R. Morfill, War Edition. 5*s*. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Story of Japan." By David Murray. War Edition. 5*s*. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Fruitless Experiment." A Critical Analysis Published by the Anti-Vivisection Society. 1*s*. net.

"Steam Carriages and Traction Engines." By W. Fletcher. 15*s*. net. (Longmans.)

"Adventures among Pictures." By Charles Lewis Hind. 7*s*. 6*d*. (Adam and Charles Black.)

"The New Forest." Painted and described by Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley. Beautifully Illustrated. 7*s*. 6*d*. (A. and C. Black.)

Our Coloured Supplement

A notable addition has been made to the gallery of BYSTANDER Supplements, this week, with the presentation of "The Rake's Progress," from an original coloured drawing by Charles Crombie. The ordinary coloured supplement is not such as to bring joy to the artistic souls of purchasers of weekly papers. Too often it is monstrous in its colour scheme and faulty in design. THE BYSTANDER, however, has changed all that. Each week is given away a plate which is the embodiment of all that is original and striking in the world of art.

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Huntley and Palmers Breakfast Biscuits

are the latest product in scientific baking. Light, crisp, unsweetened, nutritious and digestive. Welcome as a substitute for toast at breakfast. Delicious at all meals with butter, cheese or preserves. Order some from your grocer to-day.

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Extract of Letter from the Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft:

"CANNSTATT, 10 *February*, 1904."

"The 1904 Motor reaches 28 H.P., compared with 22 H.P. of the 1903 Motor."

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The Connoisseur.

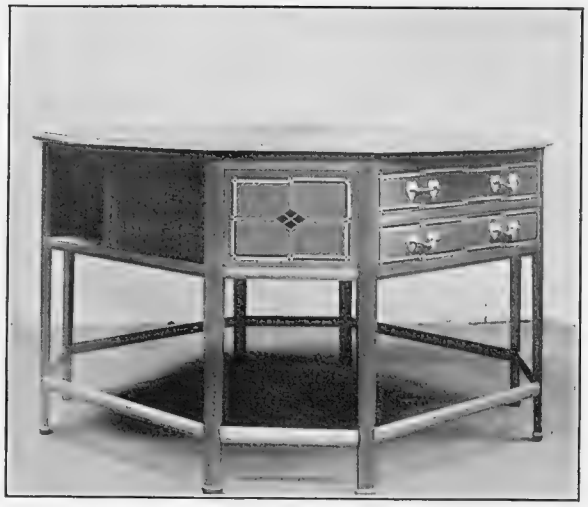
Modern Furniture

After the struggle of many years, it seems that the furniture of to-day is worthy of consideration. There have been many futile attempts to recapture the delights of barbaric ideals, many flirtations with foreign styles, and no small dalliance with unmitigated ugliness. All this has been rather hurtful; but pain is not the fruit of pain, and, in a way, a style has been evolved. Of course, the old artist cabinet-maker, with his touch of personality and his cunning in his trade, was blotted for ever from life by the machinery that took the world by storm in the middle of the nineteenth century. With the insolence of the newly arrived, the mechanist did everything and did it badly. One result was, that even the tradition of the beauties of old furniture passed away. It has taken nearly three generations to make a gentleman of the mechanist; at last he awakens from his sleep of banal self-satisfaction and arises from his couch of vulgarity and ineptitude. All the applied arts feel the result of this change; but among all those who work for their advancement the designers for the manufacturer of furniture are most heavily handicapped. Copies of the well-known pieces of the great periods are always popular, and the newest machinery enables manufacturers to produce these in excellent material at reasonable figures. But every age makes a demand upon those who live therein, and our day cries aloud, as other ages have done, for some new thing. This cry has been heard by those who, a few decades ago, were an utterly hopeless race, the manufacturers—now regenerate, cultivated, and the people with whom lies the future of the applied arts. In an age and country when and where manual labour is at a premium, it is absurd to suppose that any return to handicraft can be of value to the applied arts of the nation. There will always be a few honourable workmen and a few corporations, like that founded by William Morris, who will pursue antique methods with a good grace — for the benefit of the wealthy amateur and the esoteric connoisseur. But, interesting as their work may be, it is in no sense a national movement. Having glanced at the complicated conditions under which the modern producer of furniture works we would consider the result. Out of the mass of attempts which have filled British houses with a thousand horrors during the last fifty years—varying, from the ponderosity of pseudo-mediævalism, to the wild and often graceful philistinism of the "new art"—has been born a chastened and enduring style. Old hopes and vanities are put aside; first principles, good material, constructional simplicity, sparse ornament, these characteristics are the things that govern the productions

Modern Wardrobe and Chest of Drawers

Showing grain of light wood slightly toned, delicate inlay pewter metal work

that have come to stay. Among the manufacturers who have bent their minds to deal with the situation during the last ten years and more, none have been more successful than Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road. From the designing to the final touch on the metal-work of the piece of furniture, every part of the work is done within their own house. This, although the latest machinery is used in every department, gives a certain character to their work which is not to be found elsewhere, and with this fact is the other important one, that Mr. Ambrose Heal designs each piece of their work, and watches it through all the stages of its manufacture. The late Mr. Gleeson White, who was, we think, in his unobtrusive way, the most influential protagonist on the side of good taste the latter part of the nineteenth century produced, once wrote in this connection: "To speak up for good things, whether made by an obscure amateur, or by manufacturers in a large way of business, is the duty of those who are engaged in recording the progress of the applied arts." Now although Messrs. Heal have mainly confined themselves to the production of furniture of a utilitarian character they have always been guided by the best possible taste. The modern wardrobe, of which we give a photograph, for instance, shows an admirably simple yet entirely satisfying piece of work. Every detail is planned with care; the quality of the wood, its colour and grain, the well considered proportions, the wise introduction of the inlays, all help to build up a whole which takes its place in the scheme of an artistic bedroom with perfect ease and holds it with honour.



12-Sided Table of Fumigated Oak, Inlaid with Ebony and Pewter

Pewter, Oak, and Ebony

Such tables as those which follow give us a taste of the quality of this firm's manufactures. They are original in conception, and, at the same time, splendid examples of modern workmanship. The use of pewter and ebony as an inlay for toned oak is very fortunate. The result is distinguished without being *prononcé*, decorative without being in any way confused. One must at all times face the conditions of one's period; and there is no doubt that in regard to furniture this is the age of machinery. It is fortunate when this powerful servant can be employed to produce the finely simple and highly decorative designs which Mr. Heal makes. With the aid of such a combination, it is quite possible that some New Zealander of the future will be as ardent a collector of the work of this firm and time, as we now are of the glories of Chippendale and the grandeur that was the outcome of the Adam style.

E. M.

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REDFERN CORSETS & LINGERIE.

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Fancy Delaines .. .. *from* 9/6
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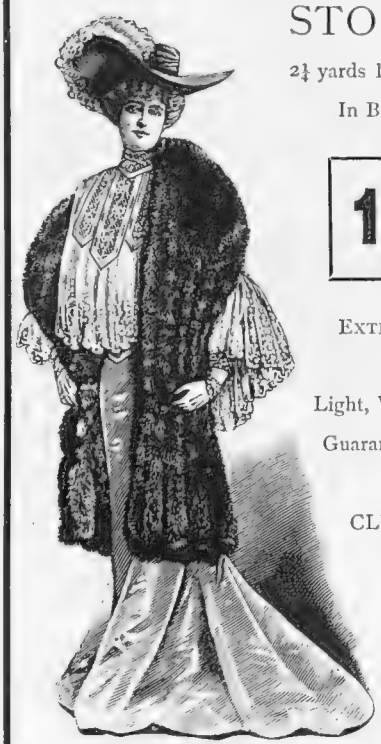

2¼ yards long, 4 or 5 strands.
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NOTICE.

MESSRS. GILLOWS beg to announce to their numerous clientèle that they will now be glad to receive instructions to include properties (Town or country) in one of their forthcoming Spring Auctions, to be held at the Mart, E.C., 1904. An early intimation is requested. A low, inclusive figure will be quoted if properties are included in one of their periodical sales.

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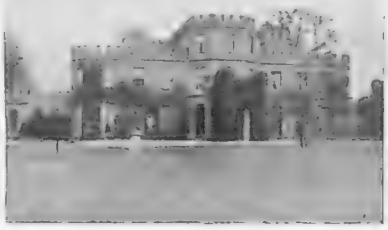

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR FROM THE CITY.—To be SOLD this comfortable RESIDENCE in beautiful grounds of 85 acres, having carriage drive approach with double lodge entrance. Accommodation: billiard and four reception, seventeen bed and dressing-rooms, stabling for four; golf close by. Price, £20,000, or would be sold with less land. Agents, GILLOWS. (11,975)

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OVERLOOKING BOULTER'S LOCK.—To be SOLD, 14 years' lease of an attractive RESIDENCE standing in secluded grounds of 2 acres. Accommodation: billiard and three reception, nine bed and dressing-rooms: electric light and telephone. Stabling for three; cottage. Other details of GILLOWS, who have inspected. (12,010)

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Particulars and conditions of sale of Messrs. CRAWLEY, ARNOLD, and CO., Solicitors, 3, Arlington Street, S.W.; or of the Auctioneers, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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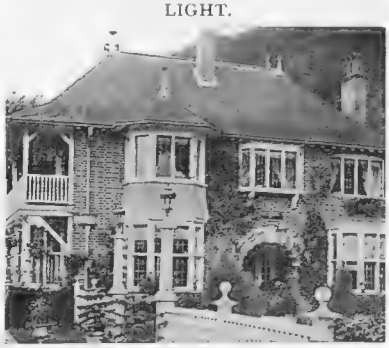

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Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

"Let us follow the path of least resistance; it is always so pleasant." The remark is Ambrosine's, and fully worthy of that always delightfully natural, naïve, young woman, who is the very antithesis of the strenuous American.

There is nothing analytical about Ambrosine, the fates be praised! Her sensations are seldom made the pivot for retrospective study, and the above remark was apropos of a discussion that arose as to what feminine frivolity we could best resist. For we are now, so to say, landed in the very vortex of the season's varieties, and each day as it comes along brings yet another irresistible attraction. It requires some strength of mind to take the final plunge, so long as we have any lingering remnants of economy lurking about us, and as there is now no moment to be lost—for the gay season comes and goes, verily, a flash in the pan—Ambrosine's inconsequent advice gains a certain deep wisdom that those who run will do well to read.

Concerning the Linen Costume

Among multifarious other claims, we have deemed it well to consider the immediately pending presence of the costume exclusively of linen. Akin with a little muslin frock of delusively simple *genre*, the linen gown can be induced to embody sums which represent pounds rather than shillings, and, by reason of an assured ubiquity, we have to chronicle, although with some regret, that the linen confection arriving at any elegance will ask the art and workmanship and general deft manœuvring of an expert.

Given these, we can foresee linen toilettes of most supreme desirability, parading the grounds at Ranelagh, Hurlingham and other fashionable rendezvous, not excepting dim visions of Ascot.

Original Design Toilette Blouse

A quite conclusive matter with the *jupe* is that it shall strike a full note, preferably direct from the waist; otherwise from the base of a shapely yoke cut in one with a front panel, while horizontal tucks of appreciable width are a foregone conclusion, together with that wonderfully imitated Teneriffe stitch, which is, when one comes to analyse it, merely a glorified herringbone, though one representing a wholly effective ornamentation.

We are experiencing ourselves a particular penchant for a red linen frock—a rather dull Indian tone—immaculately fashioned with that curious emphatic simplicity which only too frequently spells the height of extravagance, and carrying for sole disturbing influence full plisse sleeve ruffles of plain écru net. But such is a sartorial story that must be seen to be appreciated, since there is nothing weird or strained or laboured in the whole concern, while its charms are mercifully hidden from all save the elect.

We know, however, of some exceptionally excellent little crash linen skirts to be had ready made, perfectly cut and finished, and of exclusive design, that merely ask the completion of some neat shirts, or fine linen de soie slips to consummate ideal spring morning attire, these skirts running in price from half a guinea to 21*s.* 9*d.* And we pause to reflect what a boon such an opportunity as this is to the country girl who meditates a fortnight or three weeks in town, and must perforce fit herself out in the twinkling of an eye to

meet, without a blush, the exacting criticism of her more knowledgable town friends.

Personally, I fail for the moment to perceive more suitable attire for that inevitable morning at the Academy, followed by a lunch at Prince's, than one of these dainty blouse-finished crash linen skirts in a natural flax shade, completed by a blue, green, or rose-coloured suède belt, with veil-decked toque and en tout cas ensuite.

Original Design Blue Serge

Leather: A Leading Detail

How welcome always is the exception that proves the rule. In this particular case, the exception is the treatment of leather, under its various denominations of suède, buckskin, kid, etc. The deep-swathed suède or leather belt is a familiar sight in our eyes, although there is not the smallest sign at present of its ubiquity breeding contempt. But the many have yet to be introduced to a painted replica, strange barbaric combination of red, green, and brown, with oftentimes a touch of poker work thrown in to enhance the already bewildering effect. Taken, however, as a whole, these painted persuasions are good, and immensely effective, used as the soupçon of relief to a black, dark blue, or brown costume.

Then there comes that fascinating tooled leather, which must ever, for obvious reasons, remain somewhat prohibitive in price, though it has no rival in point of quiet elegance. And quite recently a great West End house, renowned for its previousness in annexing all the little things that mean so much with the toilettes of to-day, have introduced a plain draped leather belt, studded with great nail-heads up the back.

Of course, the most extraordinary thing in connection with leather is the dyeing process through which, under every condition, it is now put. One large and representative Court shoe-maker, indeed, makes boast that he can match in leather every prevailing modistic shade of the hour. And he it is who is pioneering the shoe ensuite with every gown. Ah, me! what chance has poor economy before such seductions? The line of least resistance, I feel it, will run along these leather *souliers*.

And just one more leather novelty, perhaps the most astounding of all, is a leather blouse. The model we have particularly in mind was of a pleasant reddish-brown shade, a broad, box pleat running up the centre front stitched with oval gilt buttons, flanked by a couple of narrow stitched tucks. Apparently, judging from the

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admirable results, this leather might have been chiffon, so easily was it manœuvred, and we need scarcely add that the blouse was an essentially athletic affair and simply ideal for motoring.

A Fabric to be Interviewed

We have only quite recently done so, and are consequently in a position to speak with some conviction as to the exceptional merits of a new printed flannelette lately brought out by the world-famed firm of Horrocks. Pondering this production, we are almost persuaded to wish it had been offered under another nomenclature, since few would recognise the prettily patterned, fine, highly-finished material now offered as merely an improved variation of the erstwhile rough-faced flannelette. It may be, however, we are laying ourselves open to the law in thus publicly proclaiming a mild desire. For children's blouses, really nothing nicer could be found these neat pin spot flannelettes in delicate tones of hyacinth grey, reseda, and pink, bolder floral effects offering themselves persuasively for the adornment of older girls in a like capacity.

A Demi-Toilette Blouse

Experience, again—and, verily, there is no wiser teacher—has been instructing us as to the advisability of providing the moderate demi-toilette blouse, such an one as will pass muster in a smart hotel, and at the same time prove equally in keeping with the environments of some small country town—contingencies alike possible with all who spend a goodly portion of their existence automobile touring. The condensation of luggage is becoming quite an art with us, and consequently we are overflowing with wrinkles as to the correct size of flat dressing cases, and the contents thereof. But all these good things must come in due season. Meanwhile, there is an original model to go on with, just a simple little Liberty satin arrangement with clear yoke and picturesque sleeves of filet lace, a fichu drapery and lace frill perfecting the ubiquitous long shoulder appearance.

Then are we furthermore immensely persuaded there must be many women among our readers who, like ourselves, have an ineradicable craving for the always "chic" navy serge coat and skirt.

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but this love goes on for ever, and when we can get hold of a genuine service quality of serge, then, indeed, is our happiness complete. And of such, in our imagination, is the depicted coat and skirt costume composed, with waistcoat and revers of buff cloth—a real snuff buff—the vest cut décolleté below a tucked white mull muslin shirt, completed by a triple bow cravat of black satin.

Special note should be made of the coat, for thereby hangs a tale of leading importance; one, moreover, that we shall find expressed in a number of elegant variations, not by any means the least interesting whereof is a basque resolving into a series of small flat pleats.

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